

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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TEACH YOUNG MEN TO CULTIVATE THE HABIT OF CONCENTRATION..TEACH THEM TO THINK·AND TO THINK THINGS THROUGH TO CONCLUSIONS..TEACH THEM NOT TO SHUN RESPONSIBILITY·BUT TO SEEK IT AND ASSUME IT..TEACH THEM THE WISDOM OF TAKING THE INITIATIVE..IT FOSTERS THE HABIT OF DECISION AND PROMPTS THEM TO ACT..IT PREPARES THEM TO LAY HOLD UPON THE DECISIVE MOMENT..IT SETS THEM NEAR THE DOOR WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

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Boston, Mass.

TREATMENT OF GOUT

HOW gout is treated depends on what the purpose is. If the object is to relieve an acute attack, the treatment is of one kind; but if the object is to mitigate the pain and discomfort of the chronic condition and to attack directly the so-called gouty diathesis and modify the nutritive or metabolic fault that is probably causing the trouble, the treatment is entirely different.

The treatment of the acute gouty attack is mainly directed to relieving the pain. The patient's foot should rest on a pillow, with the leg raised slightly above the level of the body, and should be encased firmly but not too tightly in a thick layer of cotton wool. Anodyne applications may be made, or an ointment containing oil of wintergreen may be applied with very gentle rubbing. Castor oil or epsom salts should be given in full dose. The two classical remedies for gout are colchicum and guaiacum; the first is more efficacious perhaps in acute and the second in chronic gout. How they are given and in what doses is a matter for the physician to decide.

The dietetic treatment is even more important than the medicinal. It should be started in the interval following an acute attack or, if the ailment is chronic, at once. The object is to reduce so far as possible the amount of uric acid in the blood or, in "poor-man's gout," of oxalic acid.

Reducing the amount of protein in the diet, abstaining from all meat except occasionally chicken or squab, from all shell fish except raw oysters or clams once a week or so and from the legumes, particularly beans and lentils, helps to reduce the amount of uric acid. The patient may eat all other vegetables and most fruits, but should partake sparingly of the root vegetables—potatoes, beets, turnips, and so forth—and of lemons and grapefruit. In the case of "poor-man's gout" he should also avoid spinach, watercress and tomatoes. In "poor-man's gout" good results sometimes follow if for a short time the patient is put on a diet exactly opposite in kind—underdone beef chopped fine and no vegetables or breadstuffs at all.

Whatever the diet, more depends perhaps on the quantity of food than on the quality; the appetite must be restrained, and the amount eaten reduced. One great aid toward moderation in eating is to avoid variety in food. An excellent plan is to live on rice exclusively for four or five consecutive days each month. Weak tea and decaffeinated coffee may be taken in moderation, and several cups of hot water should be sipped in the course of the day. But these directions are only suggestive; the physician in charge should determine the treatment.

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THE IDLE GOLD PIECE

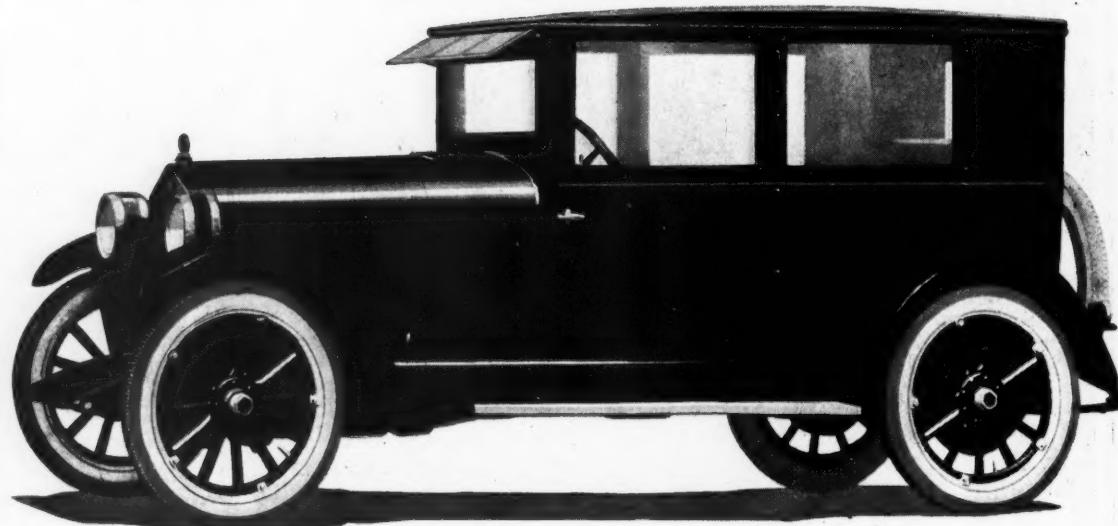
IDLE money, like idle people, has no proper place in the world. Don't hoard your money; keep it employed. Put it into the savings bank that it may help along the great undertakings of business. That excellent advice comes from the Boston Herald, which tells this remarkable little story of a gold piece:

In 1840 an attractive ten-year-old girl, brought to Boston to visit a rich uncle who had just returned from European adventures, received from him at parting a ten-dollar gold piece. She kept it as a memento. When she died fifty years later she gave it to a favorite niece, who kept it as an heirloom.

It has recently passed into the hands of another young woman, whose father, a man of a practical turn of mind, said to her: "That gold piece has been loafing long enough. We will put it to work."

And so he has deposited it in the bank, but first he did a little sum. If the original gift had been invested at once at six per cent interest, a rate that could have been obtained during most of the time that the gold piece was idle, it would have amounted at the time his daughter received it to some twelve hundred dollars!

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IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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"TURKEY! TURKEY!"

By Abbie
Llewellyn Snoddy

PEGGY GREEN put both elbows on her desk and glared at the ancient-history textbook before her. She loved to teach, and she liked history, and she would not allow a group of silly freshmen to spoil every bit of her pleasure!

"Ignorance and impudence thoroughly combined in this class," she murmured half aloud. She turned a page, trying to think of questions that would prove stimulating to the ignorant and discouraging to the impudent, but between her and the lesson on Roman manners and customs floated exasperatingly the faces of mischievous boys and girls. She closed the book with a bang.

"I may as well think it out," she said with emphasis. "I've been teaching this class for a month now, and they're getting worse every day. If I can't keep order, I must admit I am failure." She made a wry face. "Teaching seems to be nine tenths maintaining discipline and one tenth disbursing knowledge! Still the other classes aren't so bad; why can't I control this one?"

Peggy's first experience in teaching had proved very different from what her fancy had painted. The school building itself, old-fashioned and inconvenient, had shocked her, and somehow she had not been able to get in sympathy with her pupils. Perhaps she had not tried hard enough to find a common ground between them; perhaps—

The door creaked softly, as it had a habit of creaking during the seventh period, to admit the language instructor, whose room was across the hall. Peggy looked around as his cheerful face appeared through the crack in the doorway.

"You remind me of the Cheshire cat," she said gloomily, "continually appearing and disappearing with a grin. You should write a book on 'How to be Cheerful, Though Teaching.'"

Mr. Stanley's grin broadened into a laugh as he made himself comfortable at a desk in front of her. "I came in to tell you there is a concert at the College Club tonight," he said. "Have you a date?"

Peggy shook her head.

"Then would you like to go?"

"Yes, I'd like to go very much, but I shan't!"

The young instructor looked injured. "I've a lot of preparation to make," Peggy explained, "for tomorrow's lessons and a huge pile of test papers to grade. I'm not a cricket gay to sing the night away and change myself at the morning's dawn back to a staid and dignified pedagogue."

"You take your work too seriously," Mr. Stanley protested. "All work and no play, you know—"

Peggy shook her head again. "Don't tempt me, please. I cannot combat three freshman classes on less than nine hours' sleep." She looked away, and her lip quivered as she added, "I'm near enough failure as it is without bringing a sleepy head to school to complicate matters."

The language teacher's smile faded into a properly-sympathetic expression, but the bell rang just then, and he rose hastily. "If you need any help," he said jokingly, "let me know; I'll gladly come in and bang their heads against the wall for you."

Peggy laughed rather shakily, but before



How she got over the fence she could not have told

she could answer the dreaded class came trooping in. It was a large class; when they were settled every seat was filled, and three of the larger boys, Sam Black, Harry Towne and Bob Blake, sat at the rear of the room upon chairs, which they tilted precariously first on one leg and then on another, or leaned against the blackboard, from which they surreptitiously removed bits of chalk to throw at one another. It was the last recitation in the afternoon, and both teacher and pupils were fagged and cross. Pupils who might have been fairly studious and well-behaved in the morning were refractory and inattentive at that hour; and Peggy's spirit quailed as she began the lesson.

The front row was filled with girls; the "giggly-gabblers" Peggy had dubbed them from their habit of whispering continually or giggling feebly at each fresh act of insubordination on the part of the boys, who, Peggy was forced to admit, took an impish delight in annoying her.

"O Peggy Green, where is your fighting spirit?" she scolded herself. "Can't you make the lesson so interesting they'll forget to be horrid?"

She threw her whole energy into her work and, addressing her talk to the big boys, drew such a vivid picture of Roman times that Sam actually set all four legs of his chair upon the floor at once to listen more carefully and Harry leaned forward and answered three questions in rapid succession. But the rest of the class gazed at her blankly or filled their cheeks with paper wads, which they distributed skillfully and impartially round the room.

In spite of her best efforts she had a miser-

able sense of defeat, as if she had been battling against heavy odds and had lost.

As the bell rang for dismissal she dropped weakly into a chair on the verge of tears. "It's no use," she thought despairingly, "I may as well give up and go home!"

Visions of the happy, comfortable home that she had left rose temptingly before her. Her mother was probably having tea beside their cosy fireplace. Before long her father would come in, and presently they would sit down to dinner. Her chair would be empty. They missed her, she knew; they had not wanted her to go away, and they

trouble, but, if once you can get him to like you, you will have no further difficulty. The others will follow his lead for better or for worse. Anyhow the first year of teaching is always hard," he concluded cheerfully. "You'll find it much easier next year."

"Next year!" she echoed. "There won't be a next year for me. I mean it; I'm going to resign."

The young man glanced at her quizzically. "Turkey! Turkey!" he said teasingly.

"I don't know what you mean," Peggy answered.

"No?" he laughed again. "Then I'll tell you. When I was a boy I lived in the country, and my brothers and I used to notice that of all the creatures on the farm the hen turkey had the least spirit. So we fell into the habit, when one of us was afraid or was about to run from something he should have faced bravely, of shouting at him 'Turkey! Turkey!'" Mr. Stanley smiled disarmingly. "Perhaps I should beg your pardon. It came out quite involuntarily, I assure you."

Peggy rose abruptly; her cheeks were flaming. "Then you think I am a coward, a quitter?"

"I do, yes," he said frankly. "I think anyone's a quitter who gives up so easily. You've scarcely begun the work, you know." He hesitated, then added, "You admit you are afraid of the class; don't you suppose they know it? Brace up! Make them respect you and like you too. You can do it!"



DRAWINGS BY HAROLD BIECHL

would be glad to have her at home, even if she did quit in the middle of the term. Of course they would be sorry to know that she had failed, but still—

The door creaked again, and Peggy turned abruptly to the waste basket, over which to hide her tears she pretended to be sharpening a pencil.

"Anybody at home?" inquired the voice of her neighbor.

"Yes, but soon there won't be," she answered in a choked voice. "I'm going down in a few minutes to hand my resignation to the superintendent."

The young man's eyebrows went up. "What is the matter?" he asked in astonishment.

"Oh, it's these eighth-period freshmen!" she burst out. "I can't control them long enough to teach them anything. They spoil my whole day; I begin dreading them when I wake in the morning, and I dream about them at night—horrible nightmares that make my hair rise on end!"

The language instructor threw back his head and laughed. Peggy glowered at him. "You think it's funny!" she exclaimed indignantly. "But it isn't funny to me. I tell you they give me regular stage fright; sometimes my knees shake until I have to prop them against the desk to keep from tumbling in a heap. Harry Towne is the worst of all."

Mr. Stanley looked grave. "Harry is a problem, I'll admit," he said sympathetically. "He gives all of us more or less

Peggy faced him a moment, uncertain whether to be angry or amused, but in spite of herself she was impressed. She walked home alone in the crisp autumn afternoon while the slowly descending sun twinkled at her through the bare branches of the trees and bathed the houses round her with a mellow glow. The sharp air set her blood to racing, and by the time she reached her boarding house she had made her decision. Come what might, she would not give up. She would succeed even if it took every ounce of courage and energy that she had.

As she dressed for school the next morning she frowned at her reflection in the mirror. "Turkey! Turkey!" she said tauntingly. "Stop dreading that class; stop it this minute!"

She did not see Mr. Stanley until noon. As she passed him on her way out to lunch he said casually, "Speaking of turkeys—" and just before the bell rang for the last period he crossed the hall and peered cheerfully through the partly open door. "Turkey! Turkey!" he called in teasing, small-boy fashion.

"Go away," Peggy exclaimed, threatening him with a book, but she remembered the friendly taunt, which served as a fillip to her courage when the recitation began.

Desk tops clattered, and restless feet moved on the hard floor. The room seemed alive with suppressed excitement and with barely-repressed defiance, as if the class were making a concerted effort to test her mettle. Her glance swept the rows of faces,

some vacant, some slightly contemptuous, some covertly watchful, and passed to Harry, who, openly hostile, sat lolling at ease against the blackboard. She drew a deep breath and braced her wobbly knees against the desk as the language teacher's words came back to her, "Make them respect you and like you too," he had said. "But how can I?" she thought. "If I could even make them like me, it would be a big gain."

And then like a flash the solution came to her. "Why, it's school spirit they lack, poor things! They look upon me as a natural enemy because I'm a teacher. I wish they could see the class parties and picnics we used to have at the high school at home. Why, why, that's the very thing! I believe I'll—" And, acting upon an impulse that she did not stop to weigh, she closed her book with a snap that roused the sleepiest pupil.

"What a poor class!" she exclaimed cheerily. "I'm sure none of you is prepared, so let's give it up for today. How would you like to plan a class picnic?"

If the floor had suddenly given way beneath them, it could have caused no greater astonishment.

"They can be interested in something!" Peggy thought exultantly. "Suppose," she said aloud, "we decide to have the picnic in three weeks. Meanwhile I will post your daily grades upon the blackboard, and the half of the class that makes the poorer grade will have to furnish the refreshments!"

There followed fifteen minutes of discussion so lively that Peggy could hardly credit her ears.

"I'm glad the superintendent didn't come in," she congratulated herself when the class had trooped gayly away with many a smile and friendly backward glance. "And yet I shouldn't care either if it wakes them up as I hope it will."

In the succeeding days even the superintendent might have said that a veritable fairy wand had waved over the eighth-period class. Roman history suddenly became like meat and drink to them, and though their interest in algebra may have slackened, and though English testbooks may have gathered dust upon their covers, it is safe to say that not one Roman history missed its daily homeward journey. Frequently the girls came into the room to pore over the score on the blackboard and to count the days that must elapse before the picnic. Only Harry held aloof, disdaining to show the interest that he undoubtedly felt. Peggy sighed over him a bit wistfully sometimes, but the improvement in the rest of the class was too marked for her to feel melancholy long.

By unanimous vote they decided to tramp to the farm owned by Bob Blake's father, where there were plenty of walnut trees. For various reasons Peggy asked Mr. Stanley to accompany them.

"You've scored a big victory in these three weeks," he said to her as they walked across the country. The pupils were scattered behind and in front of them, and their gay caps and sweaters added new glints of color to the crimson and gold of the woods.

"You mean they like me?" Peggy asked whimsically. "Yes, I believe they do a little. Perhaps respect will come in time. Oh, what a lovely spot! Are we there already?"

"We'll leave the lunch baskets here by the spring; the walnut grove is farther on."

"Then I shall elect myself official custodian of the lunch baskets," Peggy announced merrily. "Go, my children, and may you find the nuts as the sands of the sea!"

"I'm the camp fireman," said Harry, falling in with her mood. "I'll build the oven and lay the fire while you rest, Miss Green."

"Don't let the cows eat my cake," called one girl in laughing farewell.

"Oh, are there cows about?" Peggy asked with a start.

"Only the harmless or garden variety," Mr. Stanley assured her, "but if more should appear than Harry can manage, a yodel from you will bring us back *en masse*."

Peggy threw off her hat and sank down in the shade of a big oak tree. The country lay tranquil beneath the mellow autumn sunlight, as if Mother Earth were having a placid morning before beginning the serious business of the day. Drowsily Peggy watched Harry collect stones for his oven and brushwood for the fire. Then shaking off her languor, she sat up abruptly.

"Isn't that scarlet woodbine gorgeous?" she said. "I'm going over to gather some for the schoolroom."

"I'll go with you," Harry volunteered, and he trailed along companionably over to

a high fence and across a strip of thick soft grass to the place where the woodbine was hanging in vivid profusion.

They had filled their arms with the brilliant vine when a crash in the brush near by startled them. A hoarse, rumbling bellow followed it.

"That's Mr. Walton's bull!" Harry exclaimed in a horrified whisper. "We thought he was on the other farm."

They peered through the bushes and saw the big beast restlessly pawing the ground and giving a low, menacing call as he looked intently out over the underbrush.

"He's looking the other way," Harry whispered again. "Run for your life, but don't make a sound!"

They ran as if there were wings on their feet. They had almost gained the fence when, since there was no sound of pursuit, Peggy turned to look in the direction of the bull. To her dismay she saw a bright red jacket bobbing gayly down the opposite slope. It was Alice, the youngest of the "giggly-gabblers," returning by a short cut from the walnut grove. She had not heard the bull and would not be aware of his presence until he burst from his cover almost upon her! Peggy glanced at Harry, and even in her fright she had a swift sense of triumph at the unmistakable look of fear in his eyes.

Harry was afraid! Afraid! Well, so was she, but with a bound she threw off her sweater and darted back towards the bull, waving the garment wildly and shouting to draw his attention from the little girl who was coming on all unconscious of her danger.

"Run, Alice, run! Make for the fence!" she screamed. "There's a bull here! A bull!"

The bull paused and swung round to face the boisterous enemy. For a moment he stood with his head poised aloft; his horns gleamed threateningly in the sunlight and his nostrils dilated as he sniffed the air suspiciously. Then with a snort of rage he dropped his head and came crashing towards Peggy.

Aware that Alice had heard and was speeding towards safety, Peggy began hastily to retreat. She had been running parallel with the fence, but in her excitement she had passed the grassy bit of pasture and had put an expanse of thick underbrush between herself and the fence. A glance showed her that she could make no headway in the underbrush. She must retrace her steps at right angles to the line of the bull's charge before making a final dash for the fence.

Badly frightened, with her heart pumping violently, her breath coming in short, stabbing gasps and her knees weakening beneath her, she began to run. She caught one glimpse of the bull plunging towards her, and the sight seemed to lend wings to her feet. She made the turn, but the pounding hoofbeats were close behind her. Desperately she measured the distance as a cry of warning burst from Harry, and she realized that, even if she could reach the fence, the bull would be upon her before she could scale it. She pictured herself thrown to the earth, trampled and gored.

Suddenly something that she had read long before flashed into her mind. She stopped abruptly and as the clumsy, ponderous animal lunged at her she sprang aside and threw her sweater across his horns as accurately as if she were shooting a goal on the basketball floor.

Blinded by the thick garment and carried forward by his own momentum, the bull plunged madly into the underbrush, bellowing with rage while Peggy ran faster than she had ever run before.

How she got over the fence she could not have told. To her confused mind she seemed to slide over with no volition of her own, but eager hands seized her and led her to the protecting shade of an old oak tree, for the world was spinning round in a sickening blur.

"You're shivering, aren't you?" Harry exclaimed with concern.

He tore off his coat and with a protecting air laid it gently about her shoulders.

She looked up and met a glance filled with anxiety and deep respect tinged with astonishment. Behind him stood Mr. Stanley, and in his manner too was a new deference.

"Humbly I crave pardon," he said to ease the tension, "for presuming ever to give advice to one so

distinguished as yourself. Shall I send in your application for a Carnegie medal, Miss Green?"

"Not unless you want it yourself, Mr. Stanley," Peggy retorted with her old spirit.

John Crossman



BUCKSKIN AND DESERT

By Joseph T. Keschel

his nose on the fence rail, he seemed to be unusually contented even for him.

John Crossman and Lee were still laughing when Dal, who had taken off the gunny sack, strode into the room. Lee between his bursts of merriment exclaimed over and over again, "Oh, what big fun!" The miner expressed his amusement less noisily but no less heartily. As soon as he could control himself he hastened to ask what he could do for the boys. He greatly appreciated, he said, what they had done for him, and now that he was so well fixed financially, why—

Dal quickly explained that neither he nor his partner wanted anything for the little they had done. They already had a nest egg in one of the local banks, and they had good jobs at men's wages. Wouldn't Mr. Crossman please let the matter drop?

Although Crossman was disappointed, he respected the partners' wishes and yielded. "But," he declared, "you boys must keep this shack as long as you want it; and your old bonanza-chasin' side kick can breathe the good mountain air in the corral."

The boys took a holiday when at the beginning of the following week Crossman left for California. Shortly after noon they were waving their hats and shouting "Good luck!" to their bearded friend, who stood waving his own hat and shouting back to them from the rear platform. After the train had disappeared round a curve Dal and Lee got Smoky and started to spend the rest of the day in looking over their claims.

When the boys and the old burro walked through the gate of the corral on their way to their claims, a cloud suddenly hid the sun. "Guess we goin' to have rain, huh?" said Lee, turning his face skyward.

Dal looked toward the higher mountain peaks. "Maybe so. It's hard to figure on the weather here in Arizona. It doesn't rain often. Just the same, we sometimes get a regular downpour with only a few minutes' warning, and once in a while a cloudburst—as if some one tipped a lake on edge and let the water pour out in sheets. Those clouds look pretty black. Maybe we're in for a soaker. Shall we take a chance or not?"

"Sure, we take a chance!" said Lee. "Water make us grow. And besides I awful anxious to find the gold which I know is in Yankee Doodle ground."

"All right, pardner. Way we go then!" Dal took the old burro's halter rope and started.

Nothing happened until the trio were in the extreme lower part of Cobre Rico. Then a sharp sprinkle caused the boys to take shelter in an old shack; Smoky crowded in with them.

The shack was a tumble-down affair of boards on a rocky piece of ground near the middle of a fairly-wide gulch. The ground was strewn with debris that had washed down from the hills, for the gulch, which was nearly two hundred feet wide, was the natural outlet for most of the water that fell in a big part of the range. At times a muddy, tossing flood swept between its steep sides.

The sprinkle increased to a good, brisk shower. In a few seconds it became a hard, pelting rain. The heavens grew darker every moment. From where Dal stood he could not see far in any direction. "This will do the country a lot of good!" he said with satisfaction.

Had he known what was going on in the higher country above Cobre Rico he would not have been so much pleased. Up there the rain was falling in torrents. Thousands of small rivulets were coursing down the scarred old mountain sides to the cañon bottoms. There they combined into a tumbling mass of muddy water that gained both in volume and in momentum as it rushed towards the lower ground. Now the natural outlet for the rushing streams was the gulch, where on a low, rocky elevation stood the



half-ruined shack in which were Dal, Lee and the innocent Smoky.

Little by little it grew darker until the whole range was wrapped in deep gloom. A bolt of lightning zigzagged spitefully through the sky. Then the persons who were peering from sheltered places in the town began to realize what had been going on up in the mountain for the past half hour. Now the rain came down in wind-driven sheets that made both man and beast turn their heads away to breathe. Every man hurried to shelter; every animal turned his tail to the storm.

Down came the water, sheet after sheet; every second the storm increased in fury. No one in Cobre Rico had ever seen anything like it. The unpaved streets were soon running deep with water on which floated all sorts of rubbish. The cloudburst was now at its height. Yet the worst was still to come; an irresistible flood was collecting in the cañons above the settlement.

Below in the gulch Dal surveyed the stretch of water in front of him. It was already ankle-deep and a hundred feet wide. "Pardner," he said, "I guess we ought to be moving. It's a cloudburst, or I miss my guess. If the rain has been coming down in the mountains the way it's coming down here, we'll soon be stuck on a rocky island. Let's get to higher ground."

"I guess that good idea," Lee promptly responded. "But my, seem rain! Come down in bucketful! Barrely! Lakeful! Oceanful! Maybe we get drowned even standin' over there on top of hill."

When Dal started to turn Smoky round he got into difficulties, for the old burro bumped against some packing cases that were piled in a corner and brought them down in a heap that blocked the door. When at length the boys had cleared the door and got outside the shack they found a raging torrent in front of them.

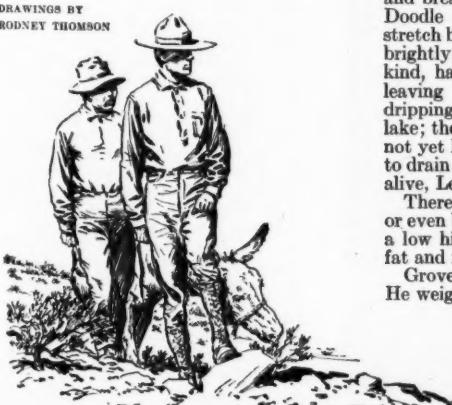
As if by magic the water had risen more than shoulder deep. Planks, brush and big mine timbers were racing by on the muddy stream. Wading was impossible; no one could stand up against that strong current. A man might indeed have swum the hundred feet to the hills were it not for the whirling timbers, which would surely strike him down.

Yet Dal knew that they must try to cross at once. Barely two hundred yards above them was the peak of the flood. On its crest rode a surging, heaving, tumbling mass of loose boards, boxes, barrels, wagons, mine timbers and several small barns: a creaking, groaning mass of wreckage sure to crush the boys if they remained where they were.

Dal knew that his partner could not swim. "Lee," he yelled, "hold on to this rope I'm tying round Smoky! He can swim and maybe will take you across. If we stay here, we're goners sure. I'll swim for it!"

Lee took hold of the rope close to the old burro's shoulders. Dal gave the wondering animal a hard push, and the next moment the burro and the boy were struggling in the flood. Then he plunged in after them. Smoky struck out gamely; Lee, frightened and gasping, hung to the rope with all his strength. Dal swam with all his strength. Yet neither Dal nor Lee and the donkey could make any progress toward the hills.

DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMSON



The tremendous current swept them along as if they were straws.

The heaving mass of wreckage struck the shack behind the boys and crushed it as if it were a toy. A short stick of timber struck Lee on the shoulder. He grasped it and was whirled away. Dal saw him go, but could do nothing.

Dal was racing down the stream through the gulch toward a narrower and steeper part where the water tossed and swirled in the wildest tumult. But a greater danger was approaching—the on-rushing, jumbled tons of wreckage.

Smoky, like Dal, was not one to give up. One moment Dal saw him straining his utmost to reach the bank; the next moment he saw the wise old beast get a precarious foothold and work his way to safety. But Dal, battling with all his strength, was still

when Dal appeared was wailing over his aches and bruises.

Dal did what he could for him and within a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing him sit up and lean his back against a boulder. A little later horsemen dashed up, and while they were listening to Grove's story Dal listened to his partner's.

"O my!" sputtered Lee. "Oh! That awful cats-after-me! When I lose hold on Smoky I close my eyes and open mouth to yell for help. Then I swallow 'bout five thousand gallon of nasty, muddy water and after that I claw with hands all same wild Injin in war dance. Claw! Claw! Claw all time and clean crazy in head."

"Then all at once I think it good-by to this China boy my fingers hookum into something. Course I no savvy what it is. But I hang on, hang on like spike-clawed dragon to

riding in a wagon toward Cobre Rico while the boys and old Smoky, homeward bound, were trudging along close to the spring near the porphyry dyke. There too the effects of the cloudburst were plainly visible, for the water in its downward rush had dug deep into the earth at many places.

Suddenly Dal stopped short and leaned over with his eyes fixed on a body of copper ore that the cloudburst had brought to view.

"Ore! Fine ore!" Lee exclaimed. "And it on Mexican robber's ground! If he no stealum map, all this belong to us!"

Lee might have railed on indefinitely had not Pedro Letran, who, like the boys, spent most of his spare time among the hills, suddenly topped a barren hogback less than a hundred yards away.

His snaky eyes feasted on the ore that the flood had uncovered. His swarthy face wrinkled with pleasure. "A grand sight, hey?" he exclaimed with a leer at the boys. "Now I am rich! And you *muchachos* are still poor."

Dal beckoned to his partner and departed.

"What we do now?" Lee inquired as soon as they were out of earshot.

"A whole lot, pardner," Dal replied quietly. "But nothing to Pedro. Even though he became the owner of all that ground through crooked work, it's his; he has complied with the law. But we have our own ground to look after. And let me tell you it'll need looking after, for when this strike gets noised round Cobre Rico there'll be a wild rush down here. And the stampedes won't be particular where they stick up their location notices. We've got to be on hand to shoot them off the Yankee Doodle, for we don't want to run chances of a lawsuit. We'd better chuck up our jobs, pack some grub and blankets on Smoky and camp down here. Maybe that ore will run into our property. If it does, well, we want it."

As Dal had predicted the stampedes came, hundreds of them. Soon the hills for miles round were bristling with location stakes. For twenty-four hours the boys had little to eat and no sleep, but at the end of the rush they still had their claims.

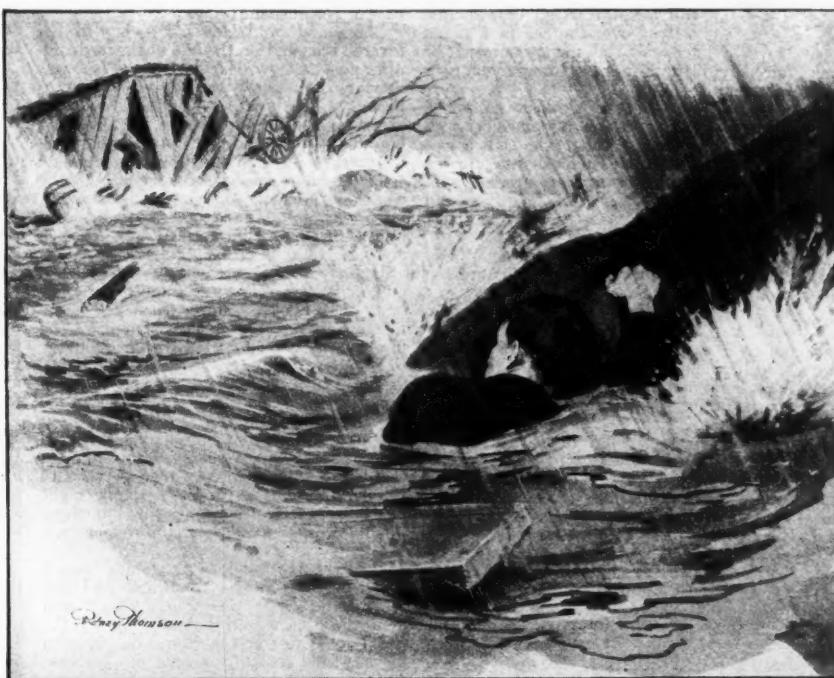
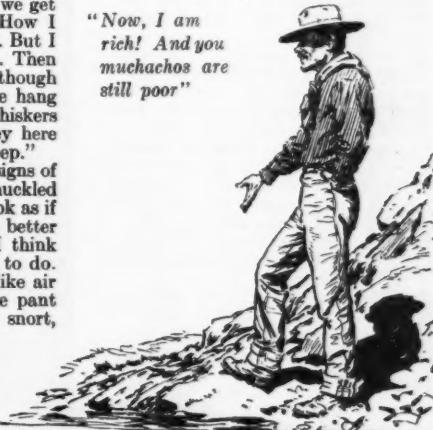
Then came noted mining experts and geologists, who after thoroughly examining the place decided that the formation was not ore-bearing. In their opinion the ore that the cloudburst had brought to light was nothing more than a small freak deposit hemmed in by barren rock. And, much to Pedro's sorrow, that is what it proved to be; the ore soon pinched out and left him little better off than before.

In spite of the expert's opinion Dal kept his faith in the map. "Pardner," he said, "if we had the map, I believe it would lead us to something good. I don't know what or where. Still have all kinds of faith in it. Maybe I've got sort of loco over it, but well, if we ever get a chance, we're going to have that map back!"

"You bet your life, pardner!" Lee replied quietly, but in his mind a plot was forming.

Pedro was a Mexican, sly, dishonest and crafty. Lee was Chinese, young and honest, but with the cunning mind of the Oriental. Pedro lived alone in his adobe hut among

"Now, I am rich! And you *muchachos* are still poor"



With a last frantic effort he drew himself farther up on the ledge

in the raging torrent. On came the wreckage, rolling, tossing and pitching; and barely a hundred yards below was the narrower and steeper half of the gulch, where everything that passed through would be heaved hither and yon, thrown about like a chip and baffled on every side. Whatever he could do he must do at once.

Dal made a frantic lunge for a scarred ledge of rock that ran into the flood and got a handhold. The rushing waters whisked his body round until he faced upstream. He could see the mass of wreckage bearing down upon him.

With a last frantic effort he drew himself farther up on the ledge, gained his feet and reeled over the rocks to the hillside. The next moment a miner's shack splintered to fragments on the ledge.

Calling to Smoky, Dal started on a run downstream along the hillside, hoping to find his partner. The rain fell to a drizzle. Before he had gone a mile the sun peeped through a rift in the clouds. When, hatless and breathless, he hurried past the Yankee Doodle toward the wide barren, alkali stretch beyond the claim the sun was shining brightly. The cloudburst, like most of its kind, had gone as quickly as it had come, leaving the earth soaked and the rocks dripping. The level stretch was a shallow lake; the water that had poured into it had not yet had time to soak into the ground or to drain off at the farther end. Here, dead or alive, Lee Lung would be found.

There indeed he found Lee Lung, not dead or even badly injured. He was at the base of a low hill, kneeling over Bill Grove, short, fat and red-whiskered.

Grove was the fattest man in Cobre Rico. He weighed nearly two hundred and eighty pounds, and his bushy beard was glaring, fiery red. When he waddled about his short body seemed to shake like jelly. He had come down with the flood all the way from Cobre Rico and

rich, tender Chinese silk merchant. Then just before I reach that awful narrow place in gulch I takeum big risk and open one eye a little bit. Now I seem what I catch on to: Mista Grove's bonfire whiskers! But now they no look nice, for his face all screwed up from pain as he hold on to long mine timber.

"O Dally! What then happen make my blood go freeze!" Lee shuddered and sighed. "Together we zip into nallow place, which seem to make thousand loud, crazy yell. Whew! Awful! Awful! Worse than that! I no can sayum in English, so sayum in Chinese!" And Dal heard a rapid succession of gurgling syllables that sounded to him like "Hup tow! Flop te wolly gum!"

Lee was off again. "Oh! One time I knew we go down in water two miles. Another time we flip-flop up in air. Still I hold on to Mista Grove's whiskers, even though Chinese devil-devils, ghosts and fiery-tongued dragons scream, yell and hoot with joy. To me it seem hundred years before we get out of that whirly-go-round place. How I keepum my mouth shut I no can tell. But I keepum shut somehow and hang on. Then we scoot along all same race horse, though tossed about like chips. Mista Grove hang on to timber, and I hang on to his whiskers until we dash from hills into valley here where water little more than knee deep."

Lee now for the first time showed signs of merriment. He smiled and then chuckled aloud. "O my!" he continued. "It look as if fat boy come down with cloudburst better than fat man, for he all in. First I think him drowned and wonder what best to do. Then he let out a gasp that sound like air compressor goin' bust. After that he pant, whole lot of new words before he snort, 'Git off me, you blamed heathen! Leave me alone! Git off!' Then I lean over him, like I see nurse lady in hospital lean over you, and wait till you come."

An hour later Bill Grove was

the cactus. There would be no moon that night. He resolved that before another sunrise the map should be in his possession.

The night came, dark and silent. At one o'clock Lee Lung, almost naked, wriggled

his way through the brush and cactus toward Pedro's lonely adobe hut.

In his right hand he carried a black box to which were tied half a dozen sticks of dynamite of the large size generally used to

charge the holes that the bigger machine drills make. Tonight there would surely be a reckoning with Pedro Letran, who at that moment lay asleep in his bunk.

TO BE CONTINUED.



DRAWINGS BY C. L. LASSELL

AFINE place altogether was Little Caplin Harbor, and as fine a man as ever walked the path was George Norman, skipper. At least that is what the folk in Little Caplin Harbor said. And now in spite of the blow that he had received in the loss of his eldest son, who had sailed away for a foreign voyage more than three years before and who had not returned or been heard of since, the skipper was building a fore-and-aft schooner.

Nothing could kill the honest ambitions of the man. His ambitions were not selfish; he worked for the harbor as much as for himself, and the new fore-and-aft was to serve the whole community. Never before had any craft larger than a bully been built or owned in Little Caplin Harbor.

By the first of October the eight full-grown men of the harbor—including the skipper—were at work in the saw pits. In December the spars were out of the woods, and they came all the way from Piggy Duff Pond, with lads and dogs at the traces, hauling all together. Early in March the keel was laid. The knees, hewn from hemlock roots, the planks for her sides and decks and the stout timbers for her frame lay piled in the little shipyard. In the skipper's fish room reposed the cables, ropes and sails, the spikes and nails and rivets of copper and iron.

"Twill be a grand thing for the harbor," the skipper would say. "Aye, 'twill be a grand thing altogether an' no mistake to freight our own catch o' fish round to St. John's in our own complete fore-an'-after."

So they all thought. While they toiled with saw and adze they dreamed how the folk in St. John's would remark the fine craft and congratulate Skipper George on her spars of straight, flawless spruce, on her well tarred, seaworthy rigging and on her beautiful hull. Aye, for sure the fame of Little Caplin Harbor would soon be ringing abroad through the great world!

Only one of all the thirty inhabitants of Little Caplin Harbor did not rejoice in the skipper's ambition; and that one was Jane Norman, the skipper's own wife. She was a queer woman, was Jane Norman; some of the folk held that she was not quite right in her head. She had queer notions in that head of hers anyway. In many respects she was a good woman, kindly toward her less fore-handed neighbors, a hard worker and fond of her man and of her children. But she had a terrible fear and suspicion of what she called "worldly vanity" and "sinful pride." Her religion was nothing but fear: fear of some jealous, wrathful being that her own fancy had created. She was one who could see the hand of Providence in storm, cold, hunger and failure, but not in sunshine, warmth, comfort and success. And the hope and healthy ambition that she called "the pride o' the Normans" was a thing she never ceased to lament and to battle against.

"What call have ye to build a fore-an'-after, I should like to know?" she said to the skipper. "Ye have skiffs for the fishin', as yer father had, an' his father afore him! What call have ye to be at freightin' the fish? Ye want folks to think ye be a rich trader like Skipper Nolan o' Partin'

The PRIDE o' the NORMANS

By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

Cove, an' ye nought but a skiff fisherman like ye was born! What call have ye to go blowin' and bellyin' over the sea in a grand schooner, tell me that now! It be fair defyin' the Power that made ye a poor fisherman!"

"Jane," replied the skipper patiently, "Him ye speak of sees no difference between a skiff fisherman an' a lad who sails a wee bit o' a fore-an'-after. He looks into a man's heart, I take it, an' not at the rig an' tonnage o' his craft; an' if I build an' sail honest an' for the good o' the harbor, He'll hold nought agin me."

"D'ye disremember yer own son?" said Jane. "Henry, he thought as how he was too good for the fishin' out o' Harbor Grace, sot on larnin' the secrets o' the sun an' stars an' bein' a mate some day. An' where be our poor lad now? Ye don't know, an' I don't know! He made to step above the place the Lard had sot him in, an' he was punished for the proud ambition in his heart."

"Woman!" cried the skipper in mingled pity and anger. "Would ye speak so o' the Lard an' o' yer own poor son! Henry was an honest lad, an' he did no more nor take the risks o' the sea like any other sailor man. Ye be blind to the Lard's mercies, Jane, to think as how He'd be angered wid the poor lad. They be all the same to Him—cap'n's an' mates an' cooks—so long as they be kindly an' honest. An' as for one craft and another,—skiff, bully, fore-an'-after, brig, bark an' great steamer,—they be all one to him, all little works o' men's hands a-crawlin' here and there abroad over the perilous sea. Aye, lass, it be the intentions in a man's heart an' not the craft he sails what counts wid Him."

Those arguments of the good skipper did not convince the unfortunate woman of the error of her belief. She had been taught in her youth that discontent is a sin; and to her narrow mind the loss of her eldest son had vindicated her belief that any effort to better your worldly condition is a sure sign of discontent. Now to her distorted vision

it looked as if the entire harbor had meant to sin. Led on by the pride and ambition of her husband, the little community was about to launch upon a vainglorious but brief career. Well she knew it would be brief! Punishment had not been slow in the case of her son; why should it be slow in the case of her husband?

She could not sleep for seeing in her fevered imagination the fate of the fore-and-after and its crew. Her doctrine of fear was driving her slowly toward the verge of insanity. The nightmare of the loss of the vessel and of the death of her husband haunted her day and night. And as the fearful shadow grew in her brain she became secretive and ceased her outcry against the work in the little shipyard. The skipper, intent on his task, did not see the strange light in her eyes, and he read her silence as an understanding of his arguments.

During the fishing season the men worked on the little vessel at odd moments; by the light of feeble lanterns in the black hours before dawn and after the cleaning of the day's catch. The hope and pride of every man in the harbor were set on that fore-and-after. With a few days' help from some of the lads of Seal Cove she was ready to launch by the middle of August.

She stood on the ways above the sheltered water, in a little cove hidden from the main harbor by an out-jutting spur of the cliff. Her hull was ready for the sea. The night was fine. In the morning, the launching would take place amid song and rejoicings.

A barkentine put into St. John's from a four months' voyage to Brazil and the West Indies. The men were paid off and with their bags and boxes went up the wharf to Water Street. Some belonged to the city and some to distant out-harbors; but all, with the single exception of a young man with a very thin face and a slight limp in his right leg, intended to go home for a few weeks' rest. The thin-faced young man, whose name was Henry Norman, left his box on the wharf and set out in quest of another ship.

The boatswain overtook him before he had gone more than fifty yards.

"Come along wid me, my lad, to my sister Kate's house," said he urgently.

"Come now, this way we go, up Play House Hill!"



"No, bosun, I'll be lookin' after another berth, thank 'e," said young Norman.

But the boatswain of the Southern Cross was not a man to be easily put off from anything that he had set his heart on. With fingers as hard as iron belaying pins he took his shipmate by the arm. "I have a few words to say to ye on that p'int, b'y," he said, "and, by flinders, I intend to say them this very day after we've had a bite o' dinner. If ye want to hunt a new berth then, why, ye'll hunt no worse wid a bit o' Kate's cabbage an' beef under yer hatches. Come now, this way we go, up Play House Hill!"

"I'll step along wid ye, bosun. Maybe a couple o' hours 'ill make no difference," replied the other wearily.

After dinner the boatswain said his say. "Lad, ye'll go home, I tell 'e," he began vigorously. "Ye've had bad luck, an' that be reason enough in itself for ye to go home an' rest awhile. Think o' yer folks all a-namin' ye dead more'n likely. Swally yer infernal pride. Aye, that's what I calls it, infernal pride!"

"But ye don't understand, bosun," said the other. "My father thought great things o' me; that I'd be a bosun inside a year an' larnin' navigation for my mate's certificate by now, an' here I be wid a lame leg and only two months' wages in my pocket. No, I'll not go home till I proves I be what I said I'd be!"

"Flinders!" cried the boatswain, beating the kitchen table with his fist. "Lad, ye riles my bilge! Pride? No, I take back that word. I don't call that pride any more'n I calls 'slush for the mainmast butter! It be's pig-headness, that's what it be. Ye've had hard luck, b'y, I admits; but take it like a man an' not like a sulky Injun an' go home an' tell yer folks about it, an' then try again. Ye was laid ashore fust v'yage wid fever; then ye got sunstruck in Rio; then ye bruck yer leg an' had to go to hospital. Well, an' where be the shame in all that? If ye'd bruck yer head an' lost all ye've larned o' navigation, then 'twould be shame to ye. Go home to yer folks, lad. They'll still be proud o' ye, ye may lay to that, an' mighty glad to see ye too. Think a bit o' the feelin' o' yer poof father an' mother."

"Bosun, ye don't understand," replied the young man, flushing. "What ye says be right, but it don't suit my case. If ye knew my mother now, ye'd not be so hard on me. My mother, she has queer notions in her head. Aye, ye may well call 'em queer! She be's as set agin pride, bosun, as Cap'n Tukes be's set again shore leave. She said as how 'twas wicked pride for me to make a v'yage instead o' keepin' to the fishin', an' that the larnin' o' navigation was not for the likes o' me. She said as how when the Lard brought me into this world in a fishin' harbor He meant me to spend all my life at the fishin', an' when I looked higher I was mighty glad to see ye too. Think a bit o' the poor an' still a common sailor man, she'll think as how I've been punished for my pride? An' that I can't stand, bosun! I'll not be allowin' her to put a bit o' hard luck down to that. It don't seem right to me, bosun; that sort o' thing. I wants to larn my poor mother different, and I'll not go home till I can!"

The boatswain was amazed at the glimpse of the character of Henry Norman's mother.

He had heard before of mild cases of such narrow stupid belief, but never of anything quite so stupid and pathetic as that. It set his arguments all aback, flapping against his mental spars.

"D'ye mean to say," he cried at last, "that she thinks the Lard would treat a man as mean as that just for wantin' to larn a bit o' navigation?"

"Aye, bosun, that she would," replied the other mournfully.

The boatswain studied the matter in silence for several minutes. Then he said, "But look 'e here, lad, what d'ye reckon she be a-thinkin' now? Why, that ye be drowned—drowned for yer sins! So if ye goes home, she'll see wid her two eyes that nothin' worse happened to ye than a trifle o' hard luck; and that'll give her a more decent opinion o' the Lard's mercies. Mothers be's mothers, whatever their ideas o' vanity an' pride! An' yer father? Sure, b'y, he'll be that pleased to see ye come home

again he'll not know if ye has a hundred dollars or a shillin' in yer pockets!"

So young Henry Norman swallowed the pride that had kept him in foreign parts for more than three years and set out in the coastal steamer for Brig Tickle, which lies only fifteen miles to the south of Little Caplin Harbor. He landed in Brig Tickle near sunset, and, being in a great hurry to get home now that he was so nearly there, he packed the contents of his sea chest into a salt bag, shouldered the bag and set right out along the path. But he did not travel fast. His leg was still weak, and the bag was heavy. It was past eleven o'clock and a fine, starlit night when he at last reached that part of the cliff from which he could look down into Little Caplin Harbor.

At first Henry Norman gazed down at the silent little cabins affectionately—aye, and with tears in his eyes. Then the gleam of the new hull in the cove caught his glance. He understood it in a second. "The skipper's

dream has come true at last," he said. As he stood there with the heavy bag beside him on the ground, enjoying the quiet prelude to the home welcome, he saw a dark figure moving across the spur of rock that separated the cabins from the little ship-yard.

He could not quite distinguish it, but that it was a human being he felt sure. He watched it move slowly toward the new hull and wondered anxiously what its business could be. Then the thought of sleepwalking flashed into his mind. Perhaps this was some old friend of his walking in his sleep and running the risk of falling into deep water.

Leaving the bag where it lay, he found the top of the path that twisted from the upper levels into the cove and scrambled down as fast as his lame leg would allow. Reaching the beach, he ran toward the vessel on the ways. He was in the shadow of the hull before he caught sight of the midnight wanderer again, and then he saw his mother,

standing not a yard away, staring at him! "Mother!" he cried. "Mother! What be ye a-doin' here?"

He drew her toward him and out into the starlight.

"Don't ye know me, mother?" he cried. "Don't ye know yer own lad come home from the v'yagin'?"

Then suddenly the strange light that was of more than fear faded from her eyes. Letting fall something she had held in her hand, she put her arms round his neck, hid her face against his breast and sobbed without restraint.

At last when she had ceased her weeping Henry stooped and picked up the thing that she had let fall. "What was ye doin' wid the oil can, mother?" he asked innocently.

"Lard forgive me that black thought!" she cried. "Lad, yer mother has been a blind an' wicked woman. I stole out to fire the new vessel, but the Lard sent ye home to me, lad, to open my blind eyes!"

on the footboard, he saw the on-coming train, and with excited blasphemy lashed the horses with the reins.

The team settled into their collars and tugged with lowered heads and with frightened eyes, but, though they moved the load ahead a couple of feet, it immediately lurched back again.

The situation had plainly become critical. The shriek of the whistle and the clang of the bell were near and urgent. Coaster's team could not haul the full load across the track without the momentum given by rushing up the slope, and it was now too late for that.

Yet he must get off the track. Jack and the other drivers had their own teams close behind Coaster and blocked the way of retreat.

Jack could see that Coaster was still fuddled and drunkenly obstinate. He seemed determined to stick to his seat and lash the horses; apparently he had no thought of jumping. Moreover, the wagon with its heavy load of slag might well derail the train.

With no definite plan in mind Jack dropped to his wagon pole and, running out along it, ducked under the bit reins and found himself right at the tail board of Coaster's wagon.

He stood where he stood a dozen times a day for the purpose of unloading. The fact carried its own suggestion. The next instant with feverish haste he wrenched the tail board free. Then he stooped and got hands, arms and one shoulder under a joist of the wagon bed. Heaving with all his strength, he slowly lifted the joist up through the logy slag and let a quarter of the load fall in a rattling shower.

At the moment of Jack's heave the horses under Coaster's lashing had just started again to surge forward. The lightened wagon did not lurch back. It paused, to be sure, but the frantic horses dug their toes into the road and inch by inch moved ahead.

Jack took time for one last calculating glance up the line. The train was scarcely a hundred feet away, and every wheel was shrieking from the brakes. Clearly it would not come to a full stop in time.

Leaping again to the rear of the wagon, Jack stooped and gave a desperate heave to another of the joists. It came free easier than the first. The slag rattled steadily on the rails and the planking. As the wagon continued to lighten the horses increased their speed, and at last only the rear wheels were left between the rails.

The engine now, however, was almost on top of them. Jack himself was in imminent danger. He waited just long enough to pull up a third joist and then with death but a hand's breadth away leaped from the track. He landed sprawling in the road.

The next instant there was a crash as the big engine struck the tail of the wagon a glancing blow.

Half its length down the track the train came to a stop, and the engineer and the fireman, the conductor and the brakeman came hurrying back. Jack and the two other teamsters were already safely over the crossing.

The rear of the wagon was wrecked, but what remained of the body was still on the front wheels.

Coaster, uninjured and still insanely swearing, they found alternately beating and checking his team.

Jack sprang at him, dragged him from the seat and shook him mercilessly until he at last became sobered.

"Yes, you'd better shut up, Coaster!" cried one of Jack's companions. "Haven't you any sense of decency? If it hadn't been for Jack here, you'd have been sober and quiet for good by this time, I'll tell you that straight!"

DRAWINGS BY
W. F. STECHER

JUST in the NICK of TIME

By Adrian Hayward



LIMBING wearily out of the completed ditch with his check slip, Jack Beldon wiped his face, got into his coat and walked listlessly away. He was half sick with a heavy cold and now was without work in the strange city to which he had lately come. The prospect was discouraging and gloomy.

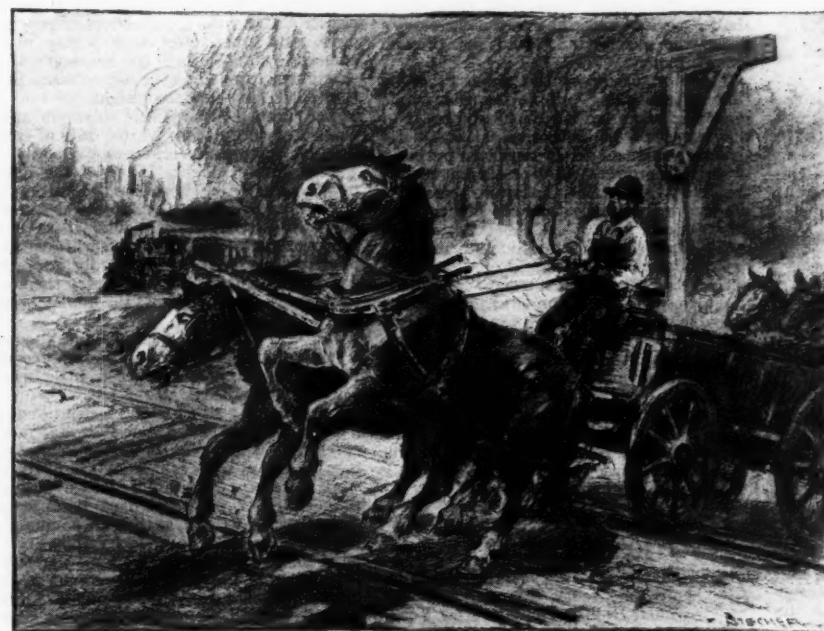
As he turned his lingering steps toward his lodgings he noticed a board-and-room sign in a window, and he reasoned that accommodation there in the suburbs might be cheaper than at his boarding house in the city. Ringing the bell, he learned that the price was in fact less, and accordingly he engaged a place there at once.

It proved that Jack had unexpectedly fallen on his feet. The husband of his new boarding mistress owned a team of horses that he rented out to the city street department. By the time Jack's cold began to pass he was on pleasant terms with the couple, and the man gave him the job of driving the team. Each morning at five o'clock he would rise and go out under the stars and feed and care for his horses in the barn. At seven o'clock he would arrive at the place where he had stopped working the day before or would report for fresh orders at the headquarters of the street department downtown. At night the horses, eager for their supper, would come trotting home in the twilight out through the fine residential streets, with Jack standing up braced in the rattling wagon, whistling and happy.

Thus a month went by. Then one Monday morning several of the teams were put to hauling slag with which to renew the surface of one of the streets. The slag was on the outskirts of the city, and the wagons would drive up alongside the great long pile for their loads. The stuff, which was about the size of grapes, was almost as heavy as lead. By the time Jack had shoveled his two cubic yards into his wagon he was ready to enjoy the rest that the drive of a mile or more to the dumping place afforded.

The wagons in use were of a type more or less common in parts of the West. The long bed of the wagon between the sides was formed of close-set but loose three-by-four inch scantlings, the projecting ends of which were whittled into a rough handle. When a load of sand or gravel or slag was over the spot where the driver wanted to dump it all he had to do was to take out the tail board and to heave up the scantlings one after another.

On the third day of the work Jack was making the trips back and forth between street and slag pile in the company of three other teamsters; the four of them kept together on the road one behind another much in the manner of the separate guns in a battery. A man named Coaster was driver of the leading wagon, and every time going



The wagon lurched back a foot and dragged the horses with it

and coming he would jump from his seat at a certain place and, running ahead, enter a ramshackle little house where he got some sort of drink; then he would come hurrying out and run to catch up with his steadily plodding team.

Towards noon Jack, whose wagon was immediately behind Coaster's, noticed that the man appeared to be drooping and half asleep.

The four teamsters of Jack's "battery"

finished loading their slag at a quarter of

twelve in the morning and then pulled out;

they intended to move along part way to a

smooth open space beside the road, where

they could conveniently turn out to feed

the horses and eat their own dinners.

Before they could reach the place, however,

they would have to cross a railway that was

unguarded except by an automatic gong.

The road sloped upwards to the track,

which crossed it at a higher level. The slope

was steep and always taxed the teams.

On this occasion as they approached the crossing Jack heard an engine whistle up the line.

Immediately his ear caught the distant rumble of the train as it came thundering down the rails.

Ordinarily when the teamsters were close to the track they would urge the animals to a swifter pace and take the rise in a spurt and then let them half to breathe.

Now, although the gong had already begun

to sound, there was still plenty of time for the first team to cross before the train reached the road, if for any reason the driver desired to cross. Of course the sensible thing for him to do was to draw up and wait with the others.

From Coaster's bent head and drooping shoulders Jack concluded that he intended to let the team keep right along. But when Coaster came to the place where he should urge them to a quicker pace he still did nothing.

Jack realized that the man was in a half-drunken stupor and in spite of the warning gong was unaware that the train was approaching. He shouted to rouse him, but Coaster paid no heed.

Meanwhile his team had started to take the rise at the deliberate walk at which they had been moving. They reached the plank crossing, and, stepping across it, brought the front wheels of the wagon to the planks. Then they felt the full weight of the load and, having gathered no impetus, halted abruptly.

The next instant the wagon lurched back a foot and dragged the horses with it before they could get a grip on the ground with their calked shoes.

Jack and the two teamsters behind him were now yelling madly at Coaster, and with what the clamor of the gong and the sudden stop and lurch of the wagon he was at last roused to the situation. Standing up





Joseph Henry

FACT AND COMMENT

IF YOUR BED QUILT is short, pull up your feet.

We sigh for what we've Lost or vainly Groped for, But not for what we've neither Had nor Hoped for.

GETTING AN IDEA should be like sitting down on a pin: it should make you jump up and do something.

ON AMERICAN STEAMBOATS last year all the lives that were lost through the founders of the vessels, or through collisions, explosions and other accidents were only eighty-one. In some of our large cities more persons than that were killed accidentally in the streets.

A SWISS INVENTOR announces that he has made a machine that will typewrite directly from the human voice, but, as he says nothing about the ability of the contrivance to improve on the spelling and punctuation of the person who dictates to it, there may still be a place for the accomplished secretary.

HUNGER IN GERMANY is the penalty for accepting worthless money. Europe has had good harvests, but the German farmers refuse to sell their produce for paper, and there is not gold enough to finance sufficient imports. Moreover, unemployment in the cities has made millions of people unable to buy food even if it were in the markets.

FROM POINT BARROW to the north pole is 1287 miles across a region that is virtually unexplored. Admiral Peary found that the sea covers the north pole, but between the pole and Alaska may be a great island or group of islands as yet undiscovered. Flying over that region in summer, the naval aviators will almost certainly be able to add something to our knowledge of geography.

THERE IS MORE SICKNESS in winter than in any other season. The chief cause is the quantity and quality of the sunlight that reaches us. When sunlight comes slantingly through miles of foggy, dusty air most of the violet rays and those beyond the violet are filtered out, and those are the rays that kill bacteria. "Let the blessed sunshine in," is a watchword that is particularly appropriate for winter.

MR. MELLON'S TAX BILL

WE may be sure that few subjects will occupy so much of the attention of the people during the coming months as Secretary Mellon's proposals for reducing the national taxes. It may be worth while therefore to set them down here, so that our readers may know precisely what they are. It is apparent that, although everyone wants lighter taxes, not everyone agrees that Secretary Mellon's proposals are sound. However that may be, he is at least entitled to have them clearly understood.

It is proposed to relieve "earned income"—wages, salaries and professional fees—of one quarter of the tax now levied on it.

It is proposed to reduce the normal tax on the first \$4000 of net income to three per cent and on the next \$6000 to six per cent.

It is proposed that surtaxes shall begin at

one per cent on incomes between \$10,000 and \$12,000 and increase steadily to twenty-five per cent—the maximum—on incomes of \$100,000 or more.

On the sale of capital assets such as stocks, bonds or other investments it is proposed to limit the tax on gains and the deduction for losses to twelve and one half per cent.

It is proposed to consider dividends received in liquidating a business as a sale of stock instead of a distribution of earnings.

It is proposed that when a business or property has become depleted the deduction shall not be greater than one half the income of the property.

It is proposed to remove the taxes on telegrams, telephone conversations, leased wires, radio messages and admissions to public entertainments.

It is proposed to establish a board of tax appeals to hear all appeals from the assessment of additional income and estate taxes and to sit locally in the different judicial districts of the country.

Those who criticize Secretary Mellon's tax bill do it on one of two grounds: either they blame him for reducing the rate of the surtaxes on large incomes, or they wish to have considerable sums of money spent for a soldiers' bonus or for other purposes that they believe the people favor, and they think that, if revised according to the Secretary's ideas, the income tax would not provide enough money.

Those who support the proposals argue that not spending but saving the public money is what the situation requires, and they assert on the authority of tax experts that high surtaxes defeat their own purposes by driving property into tax-exempt securities. They believe that the lower rates would produce more money than the higher rates now produce.

We shall hear this question warmly debated both in Congress and on the stump during the coming campaign. President Coolidge, if he is nominated, as now seems probable, will make the new tax proposals an important part of his programme. Accordingly we may expect to hear them criticized and in large measure condemned by his opponents.

But no one, we take it, will seriously object to the reduction of the normal tax rate or that on earned incomes or to the repeal of the taxes on telegrams and tickets to public entertainments.

JOSEPH HENRY

ALTHOUGH some ten years ago the name of Joseph Henry was put into the national Hall of Fame in New York, and although a distinguished adopted American, Prof. Michael Pupin, has called him one of the three greatest men this country has ever produced, probably not many of our readers know much about him. It was the recent duplication of his original experiment in magnetic telegraphy by way of celebrating the one hundred and twenty-fourth anniversary of his birth that brought him for a little while the attention of a world that makes much use of his work without realizing it.

Joseph Henry was born in Albany, New York, the son of immigrant parents from Scotland. It was in the Albany Academy, where he got much of his education and afterward became a teacher of physics, that he made many of his remarkable discoveries in electricity. When he stretched a mile of insulated wire round his classroom, connected one end with an electromagnet and the other end with a tiny bell and sent a current through the wire he achieved the first true "magnetic telegraph." On the foundation thus laid all the practical triumphs of Morse were erected. The little bell that "tinkled audibly" ninety-two years ago in the Albany classroom was the forerunner of all the telephone bells that are ringing today in every quarter of the globe.

Henry first showed how to increase the power of magnets by winding fine silk-covered wire round them. He first demonstrated the possibility of producing great effects at a distance by using a small magnet to make and break a current, and he discovered many of those fundamental facts about electricity—particularly in the field of induction—on which are based some of the most astonishing inventions of our own age.

As director of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington he devoted a great deal of attention to meteorology. He it was that first organized a body of weather observers who reported their observations by telegraph.

The Weather Bureau of today with its maps and its predictions is the outgrowth of his earlier system and still works according to the principles he first laid down. He was a member of the Lighthouse Board for twenty years, and his researches into the science of illuminants and of acoustics made our system of beacons and fog signals the most efficient in the world.

Altogether he was a most unusual man, the foremost physicist and probably the foremost man of science to whom the United States has ever given birth. We remember that there was a fine statue of him in plaster shown at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. It would be an excellent thing if it could be reproduced in imperishable material and erected either in Albany or in Washington. Many a man of far inferior desert has been more nobly honored.

TWILIGHT DAYS

HERE are days in winter that are brighter than the brightest days of summer, days of almost blinding brilliancy when the sunlight is reflected from every crystal of snow and makes jewels of the particles of ice that cling to the twigs of trees and shrubs. The sky seems bluer and the air clearer than on the most perfect of summer days. And when after such a day night comes the stars shine in the heavens with a sharpness quite unlike the soft radiance that they shed upon a summer night.

Yet, though some winter days are more translucent than the brightest days of summer, on others the world seems scarcely to emerge from twilight. In cities the office buildings and the shops show orange windows through the fog, the automobiles move about with yellow headlights, there is a shroud of darkness that does not lift even at midday, and that seems hardly to grow heavier at nightfall. In the country the gray mist settles close and shuts the human being off from nature.

On these twilight winter days most people crave human companionship and appreciate the society of one another a little more warmly than usual. It is pleasant on a stormy night to sit snug and warm beside a lamp and before a fire, but it is still more agreeable if you do not sit thus solitary. And persons whose work is indoors are likely to work more happily together on twilight days than at other times, perhaps because on those days they think, as they are commonly less likely to think, how lucky they are to have their work indoors! Perhaps too there is an atavistic impulse still remaining in the human race that causes the members of it on dark days to draw in spirit at least more closely together for mutual reassurance and comfort, to feel the need of dependence on one another and to look upon one another with the eye of comradeship rather than the eye of indifference or suspicion.

The twilight days are not so melancholy as they are mellowing.

ARE THE SOVIETS PLOTTING AGAINST US?

IT is now six years since the United States has had any diplomatic relations of the usual sort with Russia. The original revolutionary government we were ready to recognize and deal with, but the Bolshevik government that succeeded it broke ties that were of long standing and marked cordiality. Our own government has since maintained that the soviet republic was not entitled to recognition, because it was the creation of a small minority of the Russian people, because it began by repudiating all the obligations of earlier governments to this country and to its citizens, and because it openly declared its purpose to stir up a world revolution that should overthrow all the governments of Europe and our own as well.

Has the time come to resume relations with Russia? Many people think that it has. However small was the minority that established the soviet government, that government has maintained itself in power since 1917 and is not seriously threatened today. It is clearly a *de facto* government of no little strength. The Bolsheviks have little by little relaxed the strictness of their Communism and are likely to continue to relax it. They are eager for commercial and political relations with this country and have intimated that, if their government were recognized, it would in turn agree to pay the debts that old Russia owed to America.

But the Administration still refuses to deal with the soviets. Why? Secretary Hughes says that the soviet government is still laboring for a world revolution, that it still encourages and directs the Communists of the United States in their dream of overthrowing our form of government; and he produces communications, alleged to be from the leaders of the Communist International in Moscow, that instruct the red party in this country how to organize, how to learn the use of weapons and how to act in order to hasten the day when "the red flag shall be raised over the White House."

To all the charges Moscow returns a flat denial. It does not take refuge behind the excuse that it is not the soviet government itself but the organization of the Communist International that is carrying on this propaganda, for the relations between the Third International and the soviet government are so close that such an excuse would not pass muster anywhere. The Russian government and the Communist International are both directed by the same men; one is openly an organ of the other. But the government does assert flatly that it has not done what Secretary Hughes says it has done. The heads of it say that he has been deceived by forged documents manufactured by interested persons for the use of the police officials of this country and of Europe.

Senator Borah suspects the genuineness of the proofs that our Department of Justice has supplied to the Secretary of State. He has called for an investigation of the whole subject by the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. Let us hope that the investigation will disclose the truth so clearly that there can be no further dispute about it. If the soviet government is still plotting against our own government, we should not and must not have friendly relations with it. If it has been maligned, we ought to know it. Our foreign policy must not rest on deception.

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER

IT has always been recognized that one of the greatest bulwarks of a nation is a free and independent class of men who live on the soil and cultivate their own fields. Rome was invincible and unshakable so long as its power rested on a hardy yeomanry of that sort, but it began to fall when agriculture became an affair of great estates cultivated by slaves, and when want and economic hardship drove the Roman farmers into the city. The political and financial strength of France lies in its independent and thrifty country-dwellers. England has sacrificed a similar population to the industrial system. It has gained wealth, but its most far-sighted citizens are alarmed for its future. The British Empire, its leaders believe, must crumble unless a great enough body of independent farmers and planters can be established in the colonies.

Our own country has grown and prospered and kept its stability largely because of the strength and sturdiness of our agricultural population. In no other country has the general condition of the farmer been so satisfactory as in the United States. But many persons have an uneasy feeling that that condition is less satisfactory now than it was, that adverse circumstances are crowding the farmers off the land, and that more and more of those who remain there are ceasing to be owners and becoming tenants.

Unfortunately there is some ground for that feeling. Only about one-third of the active farmers are independent in the sense of owning, free and clear, the land they till. Thirty-eight per cent of them are tenants, and perhaps one-half of the remainder are carrying mortgages. Forty years ago only one-quarter of the farmers rented their farms, and probably more than half had no encumbrance on their acres. The proportion of tenant farmers is increasing steadily, owing no doubt to the rise in the value of land in the Middle West—a rise that has been large enough to permit a good many farmers to retire and to live on the rental of their farms. But it is interesting to observe that the proportion of tenant farmers increased more slowly during the decade from 1910 to 1920 than in any other decade for a long time. That is not true in regard to mortgages; for, whereas thirty-three per cent of the farmers who cultivated their own land owed for mortgages in 1910, thirty-seven per cent and perhaps more owed for mortgages in 1920. It would be useful to know whether

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

the increase means greater financial difficulties or money borrowed during the war years to increase holdings and to enlarge production. The second supposition is quite as likely as the first to be correct.

Apart from the fact that a class of tenant farmers or one of farmers harassed by debt is not so sure and solid a foundation as an agricultural people that is independent and reasonably prosperous and has a "stake in the country," it is impossible for the tenant or the mortgagor to farm in the wisest and most sensible way. In order to get the money required to pay rent or interest he may be obliged to give too much attention to cash crops,—which he has to sell at once even if the price is low,—or to follow methods of farming that rob the soil in order to get a quick return.

Our condition here in the United States is not yet serious; it may eventually improve so that it will not become serious; but it is well to take note that at present the tendency is steadily toward the diminution of the most valuable of all social classes, the independent farmer.

* * *

TO OUR READERS

THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

widely-known lecturer and writer on music, will contribute to *The Companion* during 1924 three capital articles entitled respectively *Music as a Career*, *Music at the Home* and the *Amateur Musician*. These articles, which will delight all lovers of music, are in addition to all the articles and stories mentioned in our announcement.

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PERRY MASON COMPANY
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CURRENT EVENTS

THE Greek nation, which since the war has shown a volatile uncertainty with regard to the sort of government it prefers, has now sent another king into exile. King George is the eldest son of Constantine, who was deposed after the disaster in Asia Minor, and who shortly afterward died in exile. George is a well-disposed and kindly young man, who has done as well as he knew how in his royal office; but he has lacked the strength of character to impress himself on the Greek people. He is said to have wept when at the demand of the existing government he took ship with his family for Roumania, where he is to remain. Technically the King's departure from Greece is voluntary and his exile temporary. It is given out that he leaves in order that there may be no monarchical pressure brought to bear on the Constituent Assembly, which is soon to meet and decide what form the national government shall take; but it is generally expected that the Assembly will decide in favor of a republic, and it is also considered as probable that Mr. Venizelos will be the president or the premier.

* *

MR. HENRY FORD by withdrawing his name from consideration as a possible President and announcing his intention of supporting Mr. Coolidge has done a great deal to clarify the political situation. It now appears almost certain that the President will be nominated by the Republicans at Cleveland. Moreover, Mr. Ford's withdrawal is understood to make Mr. McAdoo's nomination by the Democrats more likely, since it will unite in his support delegates who might otherwise have scattered their

votes. If it were not for the famous "two-thirds rule," Mr. McAdoo would be almost as certain of the Democratic nomination as Mr. Coolidge is of the Republican. Finally, Mr. Ford has simplified the question of a third-party candidate; if there should be one, it is a good guess that Senator La Follette would be the man.

WE learn from Angora that the Turkish government has taken the first steps to annul the Chester grant, which gave to American concessionaries the right to build important railways and public works in Asia Minor and to exploit oil and mineral lands there. The Turks are said to declare that the Ottoman-American Company has defaulted in respect to certain terms of the grant. Officers of the company admit that they have not been able to get the necessary financial backing in this country, but English capitalists have formed a company to take over the rights of the concessionaries. Trouble over the Chester grant may encourage another group of Americans to oppose the ratification of the recent treaty with Turkey. The Protestant churches are already objecting to the ratification, for they say that in dealing with American missions the Turks have violated nearly every promise they made with regard to them.

THE death rate of the United States for 1922 was 11.8 a thousand. So recently as 1918 it was 18 a thousand, but that was the influenza year. In 1900 it was 17.6 a thousand. In 1880 it was 25 a thousand in New York City, where it is usually higher, though not much higher, than in the country at large. More than a million people are living today who would have died during the last year if the death rates of forty years ago still prevailed.

POLITICAL prophets now expect the Baldwin cabinet to resign almost as soon as the new British Parliament meets. They predict a Labor cabinet, with Mr. MacDonald as premier. Such a government would be short-lived, for it would be beaten the moment it attempted to enact into law any part of the Labor programme; but it might last long enough to make the break with France complete and to force the Conservatives and the Liberals to unite at the next general election.

GOVERNOR PINCHOT has drafted an act that he thinks will help to settle the anthracite question and will ask Congress to pass it. The bill creates a coal division in the Interstate Commerce Commission, which shall have full power to examine books and records, to regulate prices, rates of profit and business methods in the public interest and to punish with fine and imprisonment anyone who disobeys its orders. The commissioners could also determine what practices were unfair or discriminatory and would have power to reduce royalties and payments for leases if they saw fit. We shall see whether Congress passes it or not. One reason for doubting that the law will pass is the singular apathy of the public to the coal question except at times when there is imminent danger of there being no coal in the market.

DR. SUN, the head of the South China government, has protested to the British Labor party against the conduct of the British minister to China. The trouble is that foreign gunboats have appeared at Canton to see that the customs duties at that port do not fall into Dr. Sun's hands, but that they are sent to Peking to be used in part to pay the obligations of China to foreign countries. Dr. Sun is also angry at the United States for sending gunboats to Canton and is urging a boycott of both Americans and British. The difficulty is to know what "China" really is. The northern government is bad enough, but after some years of earnest endeavor Dr. Sun has not made any marked progress toward winning the right to speak for China as a whole. He wants the foreign nations to recognize him and to let him control the revenues of the Chinese state, but his activities continue to divide that state and show no tendency to unite it under his own or any other leadership. Meanwhile Peking is the recognized capital of China, and its government is the only one with which foreign nations do business.



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*Quick Quaker cooks in
3 to 5 minutes*

Steaming oats, the world's premier vigor breakfast, hot, flavorful and enticing! Have them now every day.

Quaker Oats experts have perfected a new Quaker Oats — Quick Quaker. And this new style makes oats the *quickest* breakfast dish.

Quicker than toast!

Quick Quaker cooks perfectly in three to five minutes. Quicker than toast — ready to serve before the coffee.

Simply ask your grocer for Quick Quaker. He has two styles of Quaker now: the style you've always known and the Quick.

* * *

Quick Quaker is the same as regular Quaker Oats. Same Queen oats, big and plump from which we get but 10 pounds of flakes from the bushel.

The only difference is that the grains are cut before flaking, rolled very thin and partly cooked. And these small flakes cook faster.

All that rare Quaker flavor. All the good of hot breakfasts, quick.

Today, try Quick Quaker. But be sure you get the real Quaker brand. So look for the picture of the Quaker on the package.



Your grocer has both kinds—say which you prefer
Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE VALE

By Clinton Scollard

*Between the hills of Eve and Morn
There lies a valley deep,
And dear to all the children born
Is that still Vale of Sleep.*

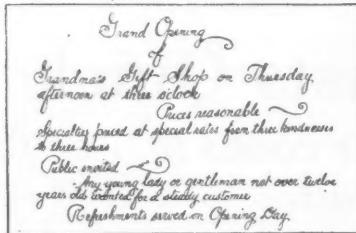
*There is no breath of sound below
The drowsy sweep of sky,
And dreams as softly as the snow
Go ever drifting by.*

*When shadows creep across the land
And I have said my prayer
I would be taken by the hand
And gently guided there.*

GRANDMA'S GIFT SHOP

By Lydia Lion Roberts

WHATEVER does this mean?" asked Florabel as she read aloud the note in her hand:



"What has Grandma Bentley thought of now?" said Mary Marie.

"I'm glad there will be refreshments," added twelve-year-old Harold, the oldest of the three Bentley children.

Not a word would Grandma Bentley say about her new shop, though the children asked her a great many questions. Her bright brown eyes twinkled teasingly, but she told the curious questioners to wait and see.

At last Thursday afternoon came, and promptly at three o'clock the children ran upstairs to grandma's big, sunny room, where she was waiting for them with a new white apron on. There was a screen stretched across one corner of the room, and on it was a card that read, "Grandma's Gift Shop."

"The shop will now open for business," said grandma with a smile, and she folded the screen to one side.

"You've had your old-fashioned bookcase brought down from the attic!" cried Florabel. "And isn't it just the thing for a store!"

The mahogany bookcase had four open shelves at the top and then a broad shelf, and underneath the shelf there were spaces for papers or magazines. Each shelf was full of gay-colored things, and there were scrapbooks and pictures in the lower compartments.

"These are the refreshments," said grandma, pointing to the broad shelf on which were homemade candy and cookies, "so help yourselves. I shall have homemade candy for sale once a week in my shop."

"Please have some molasses raisin cookies too," Harold mumbled with his mouth almost full.

"What a dear little doll's dress and cap!" cried Florabel. "I must have it for my Dinah doll. Only five cents too, and I saved my money for this sale, so I can get it."

"I have only three cents," said Mary Marie, "because I spent so much for candy yesterday. Have you anything for three cents?"

"Yes," grandma answered in a real saleslady voice. "Here are some doughnut-shaped bean bags and crocheted balls."

"Oh, I see something that would be just right for mother's birthday," cried Florabel excitedly, "and I was wondering what to get her next week. She'd like that white handker-

chief with the tiny roses in the corner. How much is it?"

"You remember that I spoke of special rates," said grandma. "Well, I will sell this handkerchief for twenty-five minutes."

"That's a queer kind of money. What do you mean?" asked Florabel.

"It will take you about five minutes of quick work to leave your bedroom in neat order every morning," answered grandma with a smile. "You rush out so quickly that the room looks as if a whirlwind had blown through it. If you will bring me a card showing five minutes of work the next five days, or twenty-five minutes in all, you shall have the handkerchief."

"Indeed I will," Florabel promised. She blushed as she thought of her disorderly room and added, "I think that's a lovely kind of way to sell things."

"How many minutes should I have to pay for that perfectly lovely middy trimmed with a red tie?" asked Mary Marie.

"That would just fit you," replied grandma, "but of course there is a lot of work in it, so that it is expensive. The middy costs six half hours of steady practicing."

"Oh dear!" groaned Mary Marie. She did not like to practice at all. "Well," she said, "I shall have the middy to think about to keep up my courage, so I think I shall see if I can buy it next week."

"I should like this box of stamps," said Harold. "There are some from all over the world, but—but—it's pretty expensive," and he sighed as he read the card on the box: Sale price: Closet cleaned and straightened and all borrowed books, bats and balls returned to owners. "I will buy the stamps, please," finally said Harold in a firm, important tone. "I shall be too busy to take them just now, but, if you will keep them for me, I'll call for them before seven o'clock tonight."

"Very well, sir," answered grandma. "I will have them wrapped and ready for you."

"You have pretty things to sell," said Florabel. "There are dolls' dresses and hats, books, fancy boxes, paper dolls, bags and games. Can we always buy the things with minutes and work?"

"Yes, always," grandma promised, "and I shall be busy making new things every day. On candy day I shall sell peanut brittle, popcorn balls and cookies."

"Oh, yum!" murmured Harold. "Will they cost much?"

"The candy will cost three days' promises not to buy any more," said grandma with a smile, "and the popcorn balls and cookies will cost three days of emptying my waste basket or doing errands or sweeping the piazzas for mother or keeping the cellar clean for father."

"I think that this is the most interesting store I have ever been in," Mary Marie said.

"May we bring Susie and Nancy and Ruth and Dorothy to buy things in your Gift Shop?" asked Florabel.

"Any of your friends are welcome to come and visit my new shop," answered grandma, "and to buy the things if they wish, but you must be sure to tell them that my goods are not for sale for ordinary money. If they

prefer, they may offer to pay something that is different but that is of the same value as what I charge."

"Yes, I know; Dorothy would probably have to pay six half hours of washing dishes for her mother for a middy like mine," said Mary Marie, "because she doesn't take music lessons."

"Bob Warren would like that other box of stamps," said Harold, "and I think he could pay some jigsaw animals in exchange."

"That would be all right," said grandma. "Any time you wish to make anything for the shop you may put it in exchange for something else."

"Goody!" said Florabel. "I shall really finish learning that lace stitch that mother has been trying to teach me. Then I can buy one of those pretty bags for Aunt Belle's birthday."

"It's a funny kind of shop," laughed Mary Marie, "and it charges queer money too. My! After this we shall all be busy saving our work and promises and minutes to spend at grandma's new store."

"And we shall tell the other girls and boys," planned Florabel, "and make things together, and it will be like a real grown-up ladies' exchange store. Grandma, you do think of the nicest things to do, and you make a lovely saleslady!"

"Three cheers for grandma and the grand Gift Shop," added Harold. "I can't stay any longer now. I have to hurry to get a clean closet so that I can buy those stamps!"

THE NEW PRESIDENT

By Clara Alexander

WHAT'S the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, there is; you look unhappy."

"Well, the other girls have a club, and they didn't ask me to join."

Lucile had a way of joining everything whether she was wanted or not. Whenever she saw a group of girls talking among themselves she ran over where they were and pushed her way right in among them. If she saw two little girls walking arm in arm along the street and whispering to each other, she never failed to catch up with them, take their arms and try to find out what it was that they had been talking about. If the little girls acted as if they did not want her, she became angry and made herself disagreeable.

Henry was Lucile's brother, and in spite



OLD FRIENDS

By Gertrude R. Sullivan

*I saw an old man, bent and gray,
Come trudging down the snowy way,
One evening of a winter's day,
A winter's day.*

*I thought how pleasant it would be
To keep that old man company;
So pleasant for both him and me,
For him and me.*

*We chatted on, and I found out
He had met folks I knew about:
Jack and Jill and Tommy Prout,
And Tommy Prout.*

*I asked him if he also was
Acquainted with old Santa Claus,
And do you know he said he was,
He said he was.*

*And he knew Cinderella too,
Hop-o'-My-Thumb and dear Boy Blue.
And fairy queens he also knew,
He also knew.*

*We reached his house, and he went in;
I felt as if I'd always been
The very oldest friends with him,
Old friends with him.*

of her unpleasant ways he was fond of her; so when she told him that the other little girls had not invited her to join their club he was really sorry.

"Why do you suppose they didn't ask you to join?" he asked.

"I don't know." Lucile felt so sad and left-out that she did not want to talk about the matter; but Henry was not to be put off.

"Maybe they will ask you later," he suggested cheerfully.

"No, they aren't going to ask me at all. Mary Elizabeth is the president, and she told me that she certainly was glad there was one thing I didn't belong to or know about." Lucile was on the point of tears.

Henry felt sorrier and sadder. His sister could be just as sweet as anyone when she wanted to be, and Henry knew that she could sometimes be disagreeable.

"Maybe they don't like your disposition," he said thoughtfully.

The Substitute for

*My mother's had a time today
Because our Jennie went away.*

*You see our Jennie was the cook.
When tea time came she always took*

*The tray inside and passed the cups
And asked the smartly-dressed grown-ups*

*If they'd have sugar in their tea
And cream as thick as cream can be.*

*This morning I heard mother say
She hoped no one would come today*

*But I thought surely someone would,
For mother's tea is very good.*

*And sure enough! at half past four
My cousin Kate was at the door.*

Jennie

By Pringle Barret

*I let her in and said that she
Was just in time to have some tea.*

*"Oh, no indeed! oh, not at all!
I only came to make a call,"*

*She said; but I know Cousin Kate,
And when she comes it's always late*

*Before she goes. And so I tied
My apron on, and then I tried*

*To make the tea. I did not know
Exactly how things ought to go,*

*But I just did the best I could.
I hope that it will be so good*

*That while my mother still has me
She will not care for Jennie's tea.*



DRAWN BY HELEN STRONG

CONTINUING THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

"Maybe not."

"Why don't you change it?"

"Whoever heard of changing her disposition?" asked Lucile. "Nobody could do that."

"It can be done. You just have to decide once and for all that you will not get angry at anyone, no matter what happens. When you have once made up your mind about that the rest is easy." Henry was years older than Lucile and a great deal wiser.

"But suppose some one does something that I don't like," objected Lucile. "I shall have to get mad then."

"No, you'll have to keep from getting mad then. Try it, Lu. You will be surprised to find how easy it is."

"Well, it won't hurt to try," admitted Lucile, "and I do want to join the club."

For the first two weeks Lucile had a hard time, for it is not easy to change your disposition, no matter what Henry said, but she kept at it. The more she thought about it the more she realized that she did not want to join the club half so much as she wanted to be invited to join it.

One day she was thinking about that as she sat on the steps at her house, playing with Peter, the cat. Suddenly she looked up and saw several little girls walking down the street. They were all members of the club, and they seemed to be talking excitedly among themselves.

After a while the girls paused in front of Lucile's house. They looked up at her as if they had expected her to run out and join them, but she only looked up and smiled.

"Hello," she said pleasantly.

"Hello," answered the girls cheerfully and passed on down the street. But they did not seem to be talking so excitedly—indeed, they seemed hardly to be talking at all. To tell the truth, they looked disappointed; and so they were, for they had thought that Lucile would run out to join them. Indeed, that is what she had been in the habit of doing before she decided to change her disposition.

Not long afterwards Mary Elizabeth saw Lucile at the grocery store where she had gone to get some ginger cookies for her mother.

"Wouldn't you like to belong to our club?" asked the president.

"No," answered Lucile. "I wish you wanted me to belong, but, if you don't want me, I should not like to join."

Mary Elizabeth seemed to be astonished at that. She did not say anything, but later when she met Emily, who also belonged to the club, there was a twinkle in her eye. She whispered something in Emily's ear, and Emily giggled and said she thought that was a splendid idea.

Two days later the postman brought a letter to Lucile's house. It was addressed to her, and it said:

Dear Lucile: Our president goes out of office next month. Will you be our new one? We all want to change our dispositions.

THE CLUB MEMBERS.

Lucile was so delighted that she didn't know what to do, but what she did do was to sit right down and answer the letter. She had never enjoyed answering a letter so much in all her life before.

Of course she became the new president, and a very good one she is too. At a recent meeting the members voted to name their club the C. Y. D., which stands for Change Your Disposition; and if anyone becomes disagreeable, she has only to be reminded of the name and the new president to find her smile again.



MARY MARGARET'S MIX-UP

By Augusta Eastin Rusk

IT happened the Monday after Christmas when Mary Margaret and her mother got off the train that brought them home from grandmother's.

Mary Margaret couldn't believe her own eyes. "Look, mother, look!" she cried. "I have the Other-Little-Girl's doll and she has mine."

"Well, I never!" said her mother.

"M-a-m-m-a, m-a-m-m-a!" cried the Other-Little-Girl's doll that Mary Margaret held in her arms. But the fast-flying train was carrying her mamma farther and farther away from her.

Mary Margaret ran to her father to tell

him her trouble, but there did not seem to be anything that he could do about it. She rode home on the front seat with her big brother, and once or twice when the car struck a rut the French doll cried "M-a-m-m-a, m-a-m-m-a!" so sadly that Mary Margaret brushed a tear from her cheek.

Mary Margaret had met the Other-Little-Girl, as she named her, on the train. She had never seen her before, but she took her doll across the aisle to visit her.

The Other-Little-Girl was very glad to see Mary Margaret. She told her that the French doll's name was Jean, but she didn't say what her own name was. Mary Margaret told the Other-Little-Girl that her doll's name was Betty Jane, but she didn't tell her own name.

The two little girls had a fine time playing. One green plush chair was Mary Margaret's house; another was the Other-Little-Girl's house. Sometimes Betty Jane was at home and sometimes she was at the Other-Little-Girl's house.

Mary Margaret played with Jean, and the Other-Little-Girl played with Betty Jane. They held the two dolls with their backs together and found that they were of just the same size; they matched their dresses and found that they were just the same shade of blue. They really looked as much alike as two peas in a pod, but Jean was a French doll and cost ten times as much as Betty Jane had cost.

"Quick!" mother had called across the aisle to Mary Margaret when the train whistled for home. "Get your doll."

But Mary Margaret got the Other-Little-Girl's doll instead.

Mary Margaret was afraid that the Other-Little-Girl might be thinking that she wanted a French doll. She might think that she wanted Jean because she had real hair and a tortoise shell comb, or because she could talk and go to sleep; but she hoped that some day she could let her know that her taking it was only a mistake.

Mary Margaret had always taken Betty Jane to bed with her, and when night came she wanted her very, very much. The French doll was too easily broken to take to bed, and anyway she was not like Mary Margaret's own baby.

She wondered whether Betty Jane was still riding in the train, and when mother was tucking her in she asked her whether she thought they should ever see Betty Jane again. And then they talked and talked about how they could bring Betty Jane home and send Jean to the Other-Little-Girl.

Mother wrote to the conductor who was on the train that day, for she thought that perhaps he would remember where the Other-Little-Girl got off.

After that Mary Margaret watched every day to see whether the postman turned in at their gate with a letter that would tell them where the Other-Little-Girl lived. Jean cried "M-a-m-m-a, m-a-m-m-a!" more and more, as if she wanted the Other-Little-Girl as Mary Margaret wanted the Other-Little-Girl to have her.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, passed, but the letter that Mary Margaret looked for did not come. On Saturday when she was getting Jean ready for her bath she gave her a loving pat and said, "Poor baby! I wish I did know how to get you to the Other-Little-Girl." And then she began to undress her. Off came her stylish bronze boots; down came her red stockings; out of her blue dress and lacy petticoat she came, and just as Mary Margaret was taking off her snug-fitting underwaist she saw a calling card dangling from a buttonhole. Some small black letters stared at her and she spelled them out excitedly:

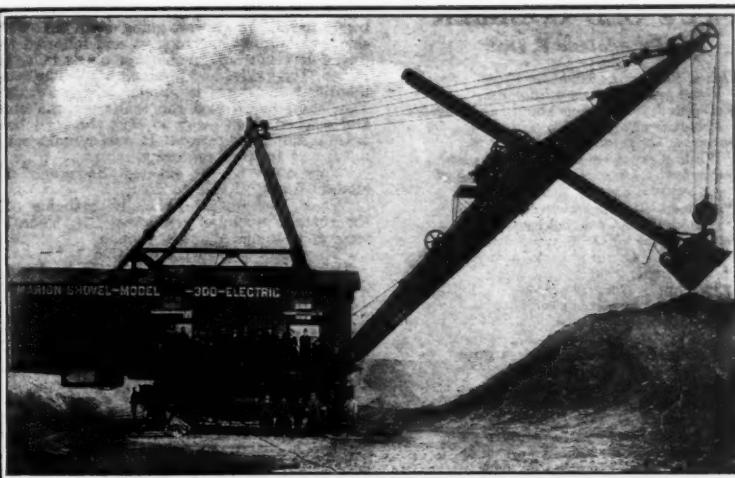
JEAN AUSTIN,
Sweet Brier,
Doll of
Mary Alice Austin.

Mary Margaret shouted for joy, and her shouting brought mother quickly to the bath room.

Mother read the card aloud while Mary Margaret jumped up and down and clapped her hands in delight.

They did not wait to get a letter from the conductor. Jean Austin, carefully packed in a very lovely box, started for Sweet Brier, Virginia, on the evening train. Betty Jane got home on Monday, just a week later.

Mary Margaret fairly grabbed her and said lovingly, "You shall never, never travel again without a calling card."



The largest one-man shovels in the world, equipped with General Electric motors, take eight dump cartloads at a bite, and can take a bite a minute.

Its shoulders never tire

A giant worker—excavating over three hundred thousand cubic feet a day! In three days, six hours and thirty-six minutes, it could handle material equal in cubic contents to the Washington Monument.



General Electric Company makes many different types of motors, some small enough to wind a clock, some large enough to operate these giant shovels; but all designed to help electricity do more for human service at a lower cost.

Think for how many centuries the world wasted its most precious possession—human lives—in labor that electricity can do!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Makes the Deaf Hear

Remarkable Invention Enables the Deaf to Hear All Sounds Clearly

Everyone who is troubled with deafness in any form will be interested in the announcement of the Dictograph Products Corporation, Suite 1301 C, No. 220 West 42nd Street, New York, that they have at last perfected a device which will enable every one whose auditory nerve is not entirely destroyed to hear as perfectly as one whose hearing is normal. To test it thoroughly they sent it to a number of people who had been deaf for years and they report most gratifying results. Many state that they hear the slightest sound with perfect ease and that their natural hearing has been greatly improved. The manufacturers are so proud of their achievement and so confident that every deaf person will be amazed and delighted with it, that they offer to send it to anyone by prepaid parcel post on ten days' free trial. They do not ship C.O.D., nor do they require any deposit, but send it entirely at their own risk and expense, allowing the user ten full days to try it and decide whether they want to keep it or not. As there is no obligation whatever, everyone who is troubled with deafness in any form should take advantage of this liberal free trial offer. Just send them your name and address for descriptive literature and free trial request blank. —*Ads.*



THE OLD COBBLER

By Adalene F. Dyer

*This is the way he made her shoes
When grandma was a little lass,
Well sewed, though now you'd hardly choose
Footwear of that design and class.
On paper her small foot was placed
While deftly he would draw his plan;
With room for growth the lines he traced
As would a careful, prudent man.
Then busy with his chosen task,
A merry twinkle in his eye,
Some waggish riddle he would ask
Or sing as thread and awl he'd ply:
"Never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you,
For it makes a trouble double
To be met before it's due."*

*Sometimes he made the children shoes
Of boots their fathers cast aside;
Such leather was too good to lose
And would for little feet provide.
They were not stylish, I'll admit,
But they were made for country wear,
And uncle gave an easy fit
To feed that frequently went bare.
His shop is gone; no more is heard
The rap-taps that from hammer rang;
No more his kindly heart is stirred
To sing for children as he sang:
"Never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you,
For it makes a trouble double
To be met before it's due."*

*Town clerk and cobbler was he,
And flowers were his heart's delight;
He loved God, had no enemy
And did the thing he counted right.
He kept his neighbor's feet well shod;
The town books had his faithful care;
The quiet ways of life he trod,
And children loved his merry air
And crowded round him as he played
On his accordion for them
Queer improvising that he made
Or quoted this, his favorite gem:
"Never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you,
For it makes a trouble double
To be met before it's due."*

A CHILD'S FAITH

RUTH'S mother was thankful when those in authority at the hospital told her that she might stay with her little daughter when after a long illness the little girl had to be taken there for an operation. Ruth was quiet and patient; she seldom complained and never said anything to show how she felt about the operation through which she was to pass. She did not seem frightened, and she met everyone with a brave smile.

Being with her night and day, her mother noticed that she was careful to keep her handkerchief in a place where she could get it easily. There was nothing strange about that, but her mother also observed that whenever the nurse brought her a clean handkerchief Ruth would transfer to it something that was tied into the corner of the one she had. Her mother was naturally curious about the mysterious something of which the child was so careful, and one day she gently asked her what it was she guarded with so much solicitude.

Ruth looked up with tears in her eyes. "I found it," she answered, "in the drawer when we left home, and I wanted that much with me." She let her mother untie the knot in the corner of the handkerchief, and there in a tight little roll was a leaf from the Bible.

She wanted "that much" with her; she could take "that much" to the operating room; she could keep "that much" in her hand when the dressings were made. She had it when the stitches were taken out, and it meant, oh, so much to her! On the scrap was this verse:

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

Oh, for the trust and faith of a little child!

THE PRACTICAL OPTIMIST

NUGGLED among the Berkshire hills is the friendly little town of Washington. After a visit, writes a contributor, to our daughter at school there, I wanted to hire a motor car to take my wife and me over the mountain to Waterbury, twenty-five miles away, to catch the afternoon train for Boston. But it was Memorial Day; the local baseball nine was to play its first game with its great rival, and not a "taxi" could we find. At last a farmer in the town, George Titus by name, consented to take us over in his little car.

As we were about to start he said that his son was to pitch for the Washington team, and I protested against his missing the sport.

"Well, now, you come along," said Mr. Titus, reaching down and giving the crank a short, friendly turn. "I've been wantin' to get over to Waterbury all the spring to see my sister; and there's another good thing about it too; George could always pitch a better game when his dad ain't lookin' on."

After eight or ten miles we began to ascend

the mountain. The road was fair, but rain had begun to fall. As we were going down the other side a cloudburst overtook us and followed us to the very bottom. In that five or six miles it rained "forty days and forty nights!" The rain literally came down in sheets. It was terrific! The water overflowed the thank-you-ma'sams and washed them away so that the road became a mountain torrent. It was magnificent, but it was not good motoring.

"This must be the greatest downpour of modern times," I said to Titus.

"Ye-es," he replied judicially, glancing off the road a second, "yes, guess 'tis. There's some good things about it, though."

"There are? Well, what can they be?"

"Well," said he, "it's comin' straight down, don't blow any. And there ain't no thunder or lightnin'!"

We got into Waterbury in time for the train, but an hour later than Mr. Titus had expected; it was then too late for him to go back over that washed-out road in the rain. I offered him his expenses for the night, but he declined.

"No, no, I'll stay with my sister, and it won't cost a cent," he said. "There's another good thing about it too. Gives me a chance to see her husband. He works at the electric-light plant and don't get home till nine o'clock. They'll be tickled to death to have me."

We could well believe it. How blessed is the community that possesses a few practical optimists, calm, brave, hopeful souls like George Titus. My intimate little adventure with him was commonplace enough, yet I am sure that he can meet any tangled situation in his family, in his village or in the world with unconscious courage and good cheer, and that he will always find "another good thing about it too."

AN ORIENTAL GALATEA

THE mirror and the fan were long ago designed by the sex that pretends to have no vanity itself as the two most characteristic attributes of the fair sex. Even in Japan, where man like woman has always used and appreciated the fan, he pretends to leave the mirror entirely to her.

In a Japanese play, which has been popular for two or three centuries, and which is one of those which Mr. W. G. Blaikie-Murdoch has described in a recent article, there is a scene that—neatly—gives the masculine view of the vanity of woman. The play is entitled *Hidari Jingoro*, or Left-Handed Jingoro, and the hero of it, a figure of myth or history, it is not certain which, is a marvelously-skilled carver of wood. The love episode of the piece—Japanese plays are generally deficient in love episodes and atone for the lack by a superfluity of blood-and-thunder thrills—is charming and bears an odd resemblance to the famous Greek story of Pygmalion and Galatea. But the Greek tale was tragic; the Japanese has a delicious touch of comedy.

Jingoro, like Pygmalion, had wrought an ideally-perfect figure of a woman. Pygmalion sculptured his nymph in marble; Jingoro carved his exquisite lady in wood; and each fell madly in love with his own creation. Pygmalion's passionate prayers to the gods brought his nymph to life, most unfortunately for him; Jingoro went about the matter much more simply, subtly and successfully. In the carven folds of the garment of his lovely lady he set a little mirror, and waited. Nothing so feminine and so beautiful, he felt assured, could resist that lure; and he was right. Presently the lifeless image quivered—stirred—stretched forth a hand—took up the mirror and held it up to reflect a living and radiant smile! Jingoro, overjoyed, sank to his knees before the animate image, proffering in his outstretched hand a cup of sake, to welcome his lady to life and happiness.

AT GRIPS WITH A LEOPARD

SOMETHING had frightened the cattle in the kraal. Jan Pienaar, owner of the ranch in Rhodesia, crept forth in the moonlight, rifle in hand. Suddenly without warning sharp claws sank into his shoulders and he found himself staring into the gaping mouth of a leopard!

The shock was so sudden and unnerving, says Mr. J. H. Main in the *Wide World Magazine*, that Pienaar dropped his rifle. Then in an instant he recovered his presence of mind and gripped the animal by the throat with both hands to keep it from biting his face. There they stood locked in a death grip; the leopard, upright on its hind legs, rested all its weight upon him, and he with all his muscles braced clenched his fingers upon the beast's throat. Although the leopard's formidable claws were tearing his shoulders and arms cruelly, Pienaar dared not shout or move, lest the animal should tear itself away, leap upon him again and kill him.

How long Pienaar and the leopard stood there he cannot say, but it seemed an eternity. The leopard stood so close, glaring into his eyes, that he could feel its hot breath on his face.

When the rifle dropped from his hands it had fallen against a tree and now was lying with the muzzle pointing towards him about three feet from his right knee. How to get it was the question. That the beast remained so quiet was,

he believed, owing to his keeping quiet himself. So ever so gently he loosened the grasp of his right hand on the brute's throat and at the same time tightened the grip of his left. He slowly crouched lower and lower and then cautiously stretched his right hand towards the rifle. All the time he stared steadily into the leopard's blazing eyes.

Presently he found that he could just touch the weapon with his fingers. With infinite care he edged over until he was able to grasp it firmly. Now came the crucial moment. Should the rifle as he pulled it toward him catch even momentarily in the undergrowth, the noise would startle the fierce brute into a raging fury. He tightened his grip on the beast's throat and began to pull the rifle toward him. As luck would have it, the weapon came away freely from the bushes, and inch by inch he managed to draw it to him until its butt rested on the ground against the inside of his right foot. From there he slowly raised it with his fingers until the muzzle pointed straight at the leopard's under jaw; then he lifted it a little more and got his finger on the trigger. Quickly releasing his grip on the beast's throat, he pulled the trigger and leaped backwards.

The animal, as he discovered later, was killed instantly; the bullet broke its neck. Pienaar will carry to his grave the scars of the wounds that his adversary made in that horrible night encounter.

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WHAT AN EXASPERATING MAN!

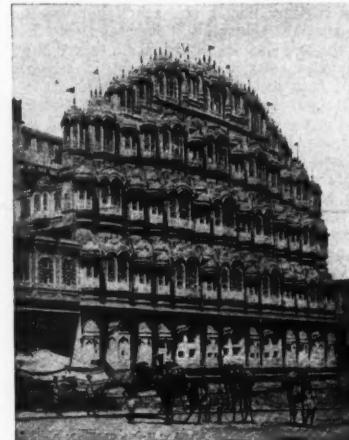
A CORRESPONDENT who read in a recent number of *The Companion* of a absent-minded professor who remembered he had forgotten his umbrella was reminded of a certain professor in A— who with his wife had been invited out to dinner one night. When his wife came in dressed in her best silk ready to go she was astonished to see her husband in his everyday suit calmly reading the paper. She told him to go upstairs at once and make all possible haste in dressing, or they would be late.

After waiting a little while with as much patience as she could she went upstairs, thinking that she could perhaps assist him in some way. When she got to his room he had undressed and gone to bed.

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JUST TO BE LOOKED AT

JAIPUR is the most un-Indian of Indian cities. It is only about two centuries old, and it is laid out in broad streets that cross one another at right angles like the streets of our own American cities. Jaipur is built wholly of stucco, and all the houses are painted pink in imitation of the native sandstone. The



The Hall of the Winds at Jaipur

effect is at once gay and artificial; the city looks almost like a piece of stage scenery.

One of the most curious bits of architecture in Jaipur is the Hall of the Winds, which is part of the palace of the Maharaja; it is even more unreal than the rest of the painted town. Not one of these pretty little screened and windowed balconies has any connection with the buildings in the rear; behind them is a blank wall. They lead nowhere, and no one can enter them except by means of a ladder from the street. They are entirely useless, but they make a quaint and pretty facade, do they not?

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ROOSEVELT'S INCOMPLETE VISIT

A BIT of farce occurred in the life of Theodore Roosevelt during the summer of the year that he entered college. His sister, Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, tells the story in her book, *My Brother Theodore Roosevelt*, and adds that he conceived such an aversion to the lady of the story, who unconsciously

put him into a foolish position, that he never paid her his proposed visit.

At five o'clock in the morning, says Mrs. Robinson, Roosevelt set out across Oyster Bay to visit a girl friend and reached the opposite shore at eight o'clock. Thinking it was too early to pay a call, he lay down and went to sleep. On waking up, he found that his boat had drifted away. When he put on his spectacles he could see it at a distance. Removing some of his clothes, he started to swim toward it.

After he had got the boat he left his clothes in it to dry and, lying down under the dock, fell asleep again. On waking suddenly about an hour later he saw to his perfect horror that the boat had vanished again and at the same time heard the voice and the footsteps of his fair lady above his head! She had walked down with a girl friend to greet her admirer.

His feelings as he lay shivering, though not with cold, while above him they calmly discussed the probable time of his arrival and decided that they would wait to greet him, can easily be imagined. After a long time the girls walked away into the woods, and the much relieved young man proceeded to swim down a hidden creek where he thought the tide had taken his boat, and where, sure enough, he found it.

MR. PEASLEE LONGS TO BE CLEVER

CALEB PEASLEE paused to test the edge of his axe with a hardened thumb, and Deacon Hyne, who had been turning the grindstone, stopped and rubbed his tired shoulder furiously.

"Aches ye some, does it, Lysander?" Caleb asked sympathetically. "Well, I'm about the same's done now—jest one nick as big's a grain of sand, say. I'd like to grind that out, and then I'll call it a job."

He ground steadily for another minute and then, holding the axe to the light, scanned the edge. "Good 'nough to cut bushes with," he announced. "Fust five minutes I use it I'll prob'ly git the edge onto a rock anyway."

"Where you got to swamp a road?" asked the deacon. "Your wood lot's all roaded and cleaned out, ain't it?"

"My wood lot's good 'nough," Caleb answered, "but I've got to git a road down through the lower aidge of my pasture, so I can git to the brook. It looks to me 'sif we might have a drought, and I may have to haul water for the critters to drink."

"There's a road there now," the deacon objected.

"You'd be nearer right if you said there used to be one," Caleb corrected him mildly. "It's all growed up to juniper and white birch bushes. If I was Johnny Kennett," he went on meditatively, "mebbe I'd do same's he did; he got jest what he wanted done, and it didn't cost him any labor."

"How'd he manage it?" asked the deacon, who was always interested in how to avoid work.

"It was when Johnny owned that pasture," Caleb explained. "He traded it to me for that field I used to own that laid next to his farm; but 'fore he traded he managed to git a good road built and graded, swamped out two rods wide. The road was handy for Johnny, but it was handy for other folks too, Lafe Budfish and his four boys mostly. They used to use the road across the pasture, haulin' their stuff from their Patten Hill farm, on account of it savin' about two miles.

"Usin' the road common as they did, it got wore out c'nside'able, and Johnny realized if he kep' it fit to use it was goin' to cost him more money than he wanted to spend; but he knew too that, as fur's hintin' to Budfish and his crew that they ought to help keep the road in repair went, he might's well save his breath. So he set to work to figger on it a little.

"Well, one day Johnny took his axe and went down to where the road comes out on this side and drove down a couple of stakes and nailed a board from one to the other right square across the cart road. Eph Sogberry lived only a stone's throw down the road, and when he saw Johnny workin' there Eph dropped his work—which was settin' in the sun and whittlin'—to drag himself over and see what Johnny was up to. Johnny was glad to see him, for he knew that, lazy as Eph was about most things, he'd find time and energy 'nough to spread the word about what Johnny was doin'."

"What you cal'latin' to do?" Eph wanted to know.

"I'm gittin' ready to close this up," Johnny says. "I don't use it much, and I figger I ain't called on to furnish a wagon road for everybody that wants a short cut over onto the hill road. Way I look at it," Johnny says, "I can go to the town officers and show 'em the road's got so out of shape that it's in a fair way to be dang'rous, and tell 'em I've closed it up to keep my rights and so I won't be liable if anybody gets hurt usin' it."

"It worked out jest as Johnny mistrusted it would," Caleb said, beaming at the deacon.

"Johnny'd no more' got out of sight 'fore Eph was on his way to blab it to Lafe, and when he told it Lafe went right into the air, mad and blusterin'. He'd show Johnny Kennett, the police had some rights; and more'n that, the road wa'n't out of repair any to speak of. It was all foolishness to make out Johnny could git the s'lectmen to say it wa'n't safe!"

"But that put Lafe to thinkin', and that afternoon he and his four boys—big, strappin' tellers they was—watched their chance when Johnny'd drove past goin' to the village, and then they Injuned over to the pasture all quiet with axes and crowbars and shovels, and for three-four hours I guess they worked like beavers. They dug out rocks that Johnny'd have had to hire a crew to move, and they swamped the road two rods wide and piled the stuff up tidy, and they shoveled and filled in hollows and cut down cradle knolls, and they made a piece of road across that pasture that you could have trotted a hoss on.

"They'd jest got it cleverly finished and was comin' out onto the main road again when Johnny hove in sight, comin' back,—I wouldn't wonder if he sort of timed himself to git there when he did,—and he pulled up his hoss and asked what was happenin'.

"Lafe swelled up and looked consid'able important. 'What's happenin', he says, 'is this: we've been rightin' up a few places in this common road that needed fixin'; and now,' he says, 'I guess when you git the s'lectmen up here to view this road with the idea you'll git leave to close it up as bein' dang'rous the most they'll do will be to laugh at you!' he says.

"Johnny listened to him without crackin' a smile, and then he reined his hoss around the fence he'd built and drove down into the pasture road; and he found it jest as Lafe had said. And then he drove back and begun to knock the fence down, and Lafe stood and watched him with his mouth comin' open.

"What you doin' that for?" he asked Johnny.

"Well," says Johnny, "it's done all I cal'lated it to do, and I thought I might's well git it out of the way, now I'm done with it."

"What do you mean—done with it?" Lafe wanted to know.

"Johnny'd got into his wagon by that time and picked up his reins and started his hoss. 'You think that part over a minute,' he says, 'and you won't have to ask!' And then he snorted right out at the way Lafe's face redded up.

"That's the way the road got built," Caleb said. "I wish sometimes that I was clever like Johnny'stread of bein' so tarnation good—like I am."

"Huh!" the deacon grunted.



THE MIGHTY AT TABLE

FOR centuries, says Mr. Philip Hale in the Boston Herald, people have been curious concerning the dishes and beverages of potentates and other world-renowned persons. Thus Suetonius tells us that the Emperor Augustus ate sparingly, and was particularly fond of coarse bread, small fishes, new cheese made of cow's milk—probably soft, or "cottage," cheese—and green figs of the sort that bear fruit twice a year. That emperor, whose stomach could not hold over a pint of wine, instead of drinking wine, used to dip bread in cold water, or take a slice of cucumber, or some leaves of lettuce or a green, sharp, juicy apple to quench his thirst.

Old Gabriel Peignot of Dijon in one of his more popular books describes the gastronomic likes and dislikes of many mighty men. Lady Paget in Embassies of Other Days is similarly obliging. She found the English wife of Frederick, the German Emperor, breakfasting on oysters and port wine; on another occasion the same royal lady ate seven hard-boiled eggs at breakfast.

In Vienna the Archduke Louis was seen by Lady Paget lunching on pickled cucumbers, ice and sour milk. He took a cold bath immediately afterwards and contracted cholera. He was so ill that the sacrament of extreme unction was administered to him, but he recovered.

Then there were those intrepid drinkers, Bismarck and his family. "Count Kalnoky told me that he never saw a family drink as they all did. They breakfast at eight o'clock, and then they begin with Rhine wine at eleven, then champagne at luncheon. Afterwards a drive through the woods, in the midst of which some bottles of beer are brought out. Then champagne and beer at dinner, then tea, and at eleven you meet over a 'bole' (cup), which flows till two in the morning. The old princess, asthmatic and suffering from heart disease, drinks just as hard as the others."



THE DRIVER ANTS OF AFRICA

MOST interesting of the insects of Africa are the driver ants, for they seem to have a social system so complete as almost to deserve the name of civilization. They are, writes Prof. R. L. Garner in the Century Magazine, the most industrious creatures in Africa.

The natives call them *nyuny*, a word that is often heard as a cry of warning among them when they meet a column on the march. The drivers seem to be forever on the go. If they have permanent abodes, no one in Africa ever found them.

The colonies often number millions of ants, and each ant has its particular place and its regular duties. The individual members of a colony are divided into three distinct kinds, and each is necessary to the welfare of the whole

community. The smallest of the three types is about three eights of an inch in length, of slender proportions, very agile in its movements and with comparatively small mandibles. These ants appear to be a kind of slaves; they perform most of the menial work of the community and carry most of the burdens.

The ants next in size are about half an inch long, of stouter proportions, with bodies more compactly built and with mandibles somewhat larger than the lower class. They constitute the yeomanry, and they direct the affairs of the community, control the movements of the colony and act as scouts in exploring for food. Building or clearing the roadways forms part of their work also, and when the colony builds its wonderful bridges across narrow crevices, puddles or streams their bodies form the network of the structure.

These bridges are the most ingenious and marvelous specimens of insect engineering to be seen anywhere in the world. When completed, a bridge looks much like a telephone receiver with flares at both ends instead of at one. It is composed of the bodies of hundreds and thousands of ants clinging together to form the bridge over which the rest of the community passes in safety. The bridges are made up of five or six sections, and it is difficult to imagine anything more uniform in pattern or delicate in structure than the amber spans of living insects. I have seen bridges hold fast for hours while the colony passed over. When the last ant has crossed the bridge slowly begins to disintegrate, and the colony proceeds on its way.

The third caste—if it can be so called—is made up of soldiers, large, strong and well provided by nature for their duties.



IN SUNNY ITALY

WHO are the most amiable people in the world? Mr. Frederik Poulsen, traveler and writer, thinks that that splendid distinction belongs to the Italians. In Travels and Sketches he writes:

Unquestionably the Italians are the most amiable nation in the world, however much the tourists who have been cheated by professional scoundrels may maintain the opposite. Nowhere else can you enter a crowded railway carriage in the middle of the night among weary and drowsy people and find favor in the eyes of the occupants. In Italy the sleepers get up to make room for the stranger and his luggage. Those who are going to get out at one of the following stations probably pack their things up by the window and evacuate their places. Not a black or evil look and not a question whether there really is not more room in another compartment!

Let me tell a story of what befell in the express from Rome to Naples. I was unlucky enough to lose my eyeglasses, which fell into a crack between the back cushion and the seat. When one of the Italians noticed my vain endeavor to fish them out he advised me to draw out the seat. Immediately two ladies and an elderly ecclesiastic left the carriage to give room to two Italians and myself to exert our strength. After much perspiration and pulling the seat came out with a crack, and we found the glasses in a deep layer of dust. But when we put the seat back the dust whirled upwards and filled the carriage. One of the young men was wearing a resplendent white summer suit, which at the end of the operation was smudged with dust. In vain did his young wife try to brush him clean in the corridor. But I, who from the first had protested against the inconvenience I was putting them to and now in my unfortunate situation tried to excuse myself, got only bright smiles by way of reply. Even in the face of the young wife there was no sign of bitterness.



A HIGH STYLE

THE ready wit of Henry Erskine, at one time lord advocate of England, has been preserved in many laughable stories. Mr. Walter Jerrold in A Book of Famous Wits records several of his amusing salles. One day Erskine met a verbose friend and, perceiving that his ankle was tied up with a silk handkerchief, asked what had happened.

"Why, my dear sir," came the answer, "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds when, coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and have grazed the epidermis on my skin, attended with a slight extravasation of blood."

"You may thank your lucky stars," said Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not so lofty as your style, or you must have broken your neck!"



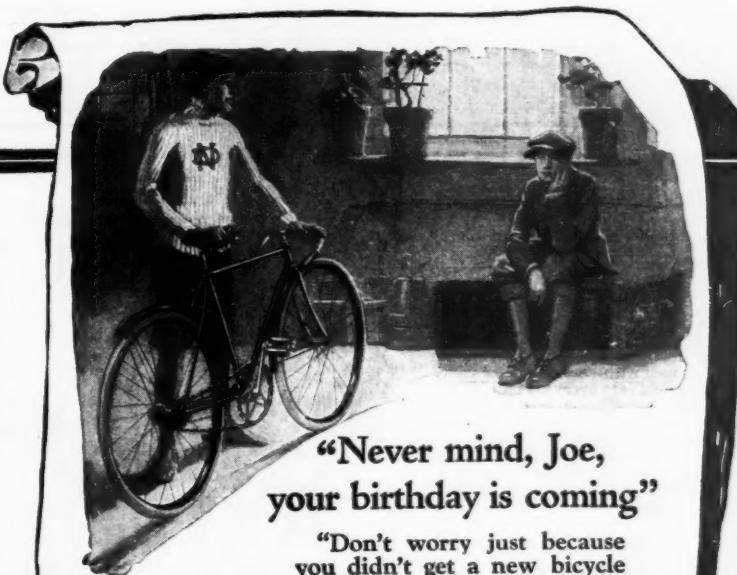
PRECOCIOUS COMMERCIALISM

IS your father at home, dear?" Punch says a lady asked when the doctor's little daughter answered the door bell.

"No, he isn't," answered the child. "He's out giving an anesthetic."

"Oh, what a big word!" cried the lady playfully. "Do you know what it means?"

"It means ten dollars," replied the little girl.



"Never mind, Joe,
your birthday is coming"

"Don't worry just because
you didn't get a new bicycle
for Christmas—your birthday
is coming."

"When your birthday rolls
around, tell your dad the finest
birthday present in the world is
a bicycle, with a New Departure
Coaster Brake on it like
mine."

* * * * *

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cycle, or put this great coaster
brake on the wheel you now
have.

THE NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

Bristol, Conn.



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WILL NOT BLISTER
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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

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Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The FAMILY PAGE

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON (MASS.).



THE FAMILY SEWING

TO have the conditions right is of paramount importance in sewing for a family. If you use a machine, it should be in the best of repair; whether you darn a stocking or make a dress you should use the most efficient method.

A sewing machine that has stood idle for some time or that has become gummed can be cleaned with kerosene or benzine. Squirt the fluid into every accessible part of the machine, including the treadle connection; then wipe every part well and oil it with a good machine oil. Run the machine for several minutes, unthreaded; then wipe it again carefully, especially round the bobbin or shuttle and the needle bar. If, after that, a drop of oil should drip on silk or woolen material, apply magnesia to the stain overnight and the spot will be gone in the morning.

The belt that connects the big wheel with the small one must be taut. To tighten it unhook the wire and remove the band and then snip off not more than a quarter of an inch of the leather. Punch a new hole to admit the wire and replace the belt on the wheel. If it is still too loose, snip off still more of the leather.

From time to time unscrew the feed plate, lift it out, and with a crochet hook or with a wire hairpin remove the lint that will have collected round the feed; the task requires only a moment and helps the machine to do better work.

The attachments are invaluable; you should understand and use them whenever you can. The tucker not only keeps the tuck uniform at the width you wish but creases and marks the place of the next one. The gatherer will produce any degree of fullness, and by means of it ruffles can be gathered and sewed on with one operation. Machines often differ slightly; a little observation of your own will show you what adjustment to make to obtain the result that you want. If you wish to do only a little gathering, loosen your tension and lengthen your stitch, so that you can draw one thread to the desired length. The foot hemmer is invaluable in hemming ruffles and finishing silk seams. The binder and the braider will both help to make your work easier.

Use patterns often; they are cheap dressmakers. But do not try to make everything with a plain pattern as a foundation; you will waste time and material by making mistakes in your measurements. Patterns can be combined of course, or changed in some particulars, but, if you are inexperienced, have a pattern as nearly like the garment you want as you can get it.

Stretch the pattern smooth upon the material and hold it down with weights. It is a waste of time to pin the pattern to the cloth and may spoil the paper.

Be sure that each piece of the pattern lies the right way of the cloth and that it is on the selvage or the fold, as the conditions require. It is easy to cut a dress to open in the front when it should open in the back!

Mark all perforations on silk or wool with tailors' chalk or tailors' tacks, and on light cotton with pencil. A few cents' worth of tailors' chalk will last a lifetime. Transfer the chalk marks to the corresponding piece by laying one over the other—right side to right side or wrong to wrong—and pounding along the mark with your clenched fist. Then touch up the transferred dots to make them distinct.

Use your discretion about cutting out one garment or several at a time. If you are making a wool dress, cut it out and make it up while the details are fresh in your mind. If you are making four waists of the same pattern, cut them all together.

Baste only when it is necessary. If you can hold a seam together as well as you can baste it, sew it without basting. You can always do that if the goods are firm and if you can handle the machine, hold the goods even and sew a seam of uniform width at the same time. If you are not accustomed to using a machine, or if your material is sleeky and inclined to fray or stretch, by all means baste it. Work with the finished product in mind. If seams too highly-finished will make the garment rough or bulky, if lack of basting will stretch neck or arm hole out of shape, follow the sensible and careful way. Use real basting thread; it is cheaper, it can be drawn out more easily, and, being easily broken, it is less likely to pull delicate material. To save your eyes and yet make sure that you remove every basting use dark thread on light goods and light thread on dark goods.

Before beginning a dress or a coat buy everything that you will require, such as colored silk thread, fancy buttons, trimmings, lining, cambric or canvas for stiffening, fasteners and binding for seams.

For cotton sewing have on hand several packages of finishing braid, scalloped edging,



WENDELL R. DODGE

rickrack braid, bias binding, a good legible tape measure, plenty of pins and needles and white and black thread. The array is not nearly so formidable as it sounds, and you will save time by having just the bit of braid or binding you need to finish the garment.

Save every bit of trimming that is left over or that can be removed from discarded dresses, hats or coats; save buttons, braid, cord, ribbons, beads, scraps of silk, satin, gingham and cretonne.

In finishing seams take account of your material. For ginghams and other firm cottons seam the goods on the right side, trim the edges, turn the goods and seam them again. That is the double, or French, seam and is durable and neat. In silk or thin wool that does not fray sew a wide seam on the wrong side; put in the foot hemmer and finish each raw edge with a tiny hem. In broadcloth or tricotine fell the edges or merely seam the goods and press the seams open, according to where they are. The shoulder seams of a coat should be felled, but the under-side seam should be pressed wide open.

If the goods are serge, a bias binding can be used, but serge frays so easily that a better way is to notch the raw edge; it makes a less bungling finish.

Whenever you can, substitute some other device for the buttonhole. There is a good fastener that looks like a snap but that fastens like a hook and eye; it does not rust, it lies so flat that it doesn't interfere with ironing, and it will not catch braids or curls.

Bloomers can be finished with strong elastic cord at the waist and the knees; and even a tiny child can slip the top of the bloomers up over her waist buttons.

Small hooks with eyes made of thread are best for soft, thin dresses, but eyelets and laces can be used on aprons and gowns as well as on middy blouses. Princess slips and gowns can be finished with V-shaped necks and slipped on over the head.

In underwear corset cord with knotted ends will take the place of middy laces and need not be removed when the garments are washed.



Home-Grown Shrubbery

It is in the Family Page for February



COLLECTING COSTUMES

SINCE amateur actors are often at a loss for appropriate costumes, the experience of a certain group of boys and girls may be useful to others who wish to present amateur plays.

The group were careful to select plays that do not require elaborate scenery or costumes.

Then they delved into the old trunks in their attics or basements, where they discovered sunbonnets, poke bonnets, high silk hats, old-fashioned dresses, carpetbags, big umbrellas, hoop skirts, army clothes, queer old shoes, knitted comforters or tippets, shawls, mantles—in short, the costumes of their great-grandmother's time. These they sorted, aired, washed

when possible and arranged in an unused room set apart for their stage properties.

Friends and neighbors were glad to contribute garments that they might otherwise have thrown away, and those who disliked to part with ancient things, full of memories, gladly lent them for the performances. The actors found that they had so much material that they could choose from several pieces for almost anything they needed.

THE CARE OF FERNS

FERNS neither flower nor bear fruit, but they do represent the highest development of the leaf among all the plants in the world. Several kinds have been cultivated for hundreds of years, but it was not until the so-called Boston fern appeared about twenty-five years ago that ferns became common house plants.

The Boston fern is a variety of the wild sword fern, which is constantly producing new and interesting forms. Although the Boston fern, with its long swordlike leaves, still remains the most popular, many other kinds are coming into favor. Some are tall, some are dwarf, and some are curiously crested; but there is a tendency among all of them to revert to the ordinary type of Boston fern. Sometimes you will find a plant that contains both smooth and creased fronds. Such plants especially are likely to occur among ferns kept in a shady place.

The different varieties may be grouped as follows:

Tall: Roosevelt (crested); Whitmani (compact, fine leaves); Harris (crested); Elegantissima; Scotti (crested, hard fronds).

Dwarf: Teddy, Jr. (slightly crested); Whitmani compacta (very compact); McCawii (similar to Teddy, Jr.); Muscosa (very small and compact); Elegantissima compacta; Victory (slightly crested, ends of fronds split); Norwood (compact, not crested); Dwarf Boston; Verona (fine leafed, not crested); Smithi (finer and smaller than Verona).

Ferns like the Verona and the Smithi are formally dainty, for they are finely divided and lacy, but they are not so easy to cultivate indoors. After a few months they are likely to become yellow and drop their fronds. Boston ferns will grow without direct sunshine, and so will thrive in a north window, but they are sure to grow yellow and spindly if kept in a dark corner; and for that matter a few hours of sunlight daily will not harm them.

Although ferns are usually found in moist situations, they are shallow rooted; the roots never get water soaked, and the plants will not flourish in the house if water stands in the saucers under the pots. Indeed, the best way to grow ferns is to let the pots stand on a tray filled with pebbles. At least, the pots must have good drainage.

Ferns do not like a very dry atmosphere. A pan of water on the radiator or in the window will help to keep moisture in the air. If the pot is in a jardiniere, moss may be packed round it and kept wet. The fumes from illuminating gas are deadly to ferns, which explains why they never grow successfully in some houses.

Although the fact is not generally realized, ferns resent being jostled and suffer if they occupy too prominent a place in the room.

One fern, now coming into favor, that is quite different in character from the various forms of the Boston fern is the bird's-nest fern, which has very wide leaves. If care is taken not to allow water to enter the circle of fronds, and

if there is ample drainage in the pots, no difficulty will be found in growing this unique variety. It gets along particularly well under the conditions found in the ordinary living room, and it doesn't mind a night temperature as low as sixty or even fifty-five degrees.

Finally, there is the holly fern, which will grow to a considerable size, although small ones are much more common. The pretty, holly-shaped leaves make it a desirable fern for the dining table. Give it the same care as the bird's-nest fern, and it will live for a long time.



LEARN TO DO NOTHING

WHAT are we going to do this evening?" is the question that some youngster who is a victim of the American malady, the thirst for excitement, is sure to ask.

The wise and kind parent replies: "Nothing at all. We are going to sit down and compose ourselves; read awhile, talk awhile, sing or play awhile and then go to bed."

That sort of evening should be the rule in the home that cherishes the best interests of a family of children. Many parents are over-indulgent. They wish their children to "have a good time." If they stop to think, they will realize that the true "good time" is the one that comes as a rarity, and they will see that what the child calls "a dull evening" may after all be a real benefit.

Teach your children to rest as well as to work and to play. Let them sit quiet sometimes and think, even though their thoughts may not always be quite happy. The exercise will do them good, for in most of the entertainment of today there is not much thinking. Let the restless boy rummage round once in a while and find for himself something that will interest him. He should not always have his entertainment provided by others. And that is true also of the restless girl.

A wise mother will distinguish between the fretful question of the child suffering from overentertainment and the wistful suggestion of the child that is really lonely and that needs some outlet in the form of entertainment. If need be, she can herself be the child's whole world; but that is hardly advisable. Any child is the better for mingling at times with other children outside the home. It is the constant mingling with the outside world, the cheap entertainment, the dissipation of aimless companionship with anyone whatever so long as he is not one of the family—that is to be avoided.

Parents who are unduly afraid of unpopularity for their children forget that every child must find his own place in the world and that popularity as often warps a child's character as it develops it.

The anxiety of some parents lest their children shall be unhappy is often the consequence of their own childish experience. The man who feels that his boyhood was made cruelly narrow by the economy and the strict discipline that reigned in his family is inclined to be lenient with his son; and the mother who pined for society in her early days but who was held to hard work and made to wear ugly, cheap clothes is disposed to allow her daughter too much liberty, too much pin money, too much finery, and to smile too indulgently at the unfruitful and injurious activity that the modern girl calls "having a good time."

So when you hear, "What are we going to do tonight?" suggest, "Nothing—just nothing; rest a little—read a little—think a little and go to bed."



DOILIES IN COMPASS WORK

ANY firmly woven material will do for making doilies of compass work; but unbleached muslin or sea-island cotton is particularly adapted. It is easy to sew and keeps its shape far better than crash or soft linen or damask. A few washings or a simple bleaching will take away the cream color.

Square doilies may be hemmed, and the compass work may be done double or may form a single scalloped edge. Round doilies must be single. Cut them of even size, press them smooth, lay them on a flat surface and mark firmly the outline, round or oval. Then take a small spool or a large button,—something that has a flat surface,—set it down just inside the outline and mark a circle round it.

Repeat the marked circles until the outline is filled. Then set the spool or the button so as to cover quarters of two rounds and mark again. Do that inside and out until each original circle is divided into four. If you wish a central ornament, put in a block or circles there, arranged in any way you wish. It is possible also to make groups that include the edge circles, but a single row looks pretty.

After the marking is complete run round every mark with soft thick cotton, taking care that the running does not draw or pucker the cloth. Next overcast all the lines with a firm, close button-hole stitch with any floss you like; but mercerized cotton stands washing better than linen. After the overcasting is complete cut away the foundation inside the quarters with sharp scissors and fill the cut spaces with lace stitches. Herringbone or Brussels point will do admirably; but except for filling in centres if they are cut out spider stitch is ineffective unless the wheels are very large.

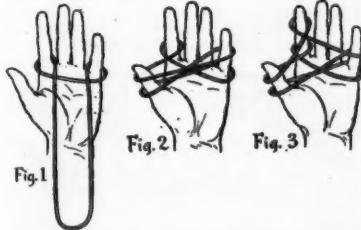
If the doilies have hem, the hems should be wide enough to allow a quarter-inch margin on each side of the line of wheels. A group of wheels in the corners looks especially well in a centrepiece. Another effective design is to set lines of wheels diagonally from corner to corner. The overcasting and filling in may be done with embroidery silks, but white doilies are more durable as well as more desirable.

A variation of the work is hemming. Mark the pattern as directed upon the wrong side after turning up the hem and stitching it. Then with sharp-pointed scissors cut diagonally along the middle of a quarter circle; with the needle fold back the cut edges to the curve of the marked line and whip them down with fine, short stitches. The result will be a pattern of thick and thin surfaces, both ornamental and lasting. It is adapted to bureau covers, pillow and bolster cases, covers for nursery tables; in fact, for almost anything in which both cleanliness and beauty are requisite. For such uses the sea-island muslin is ideal. Curtains of that material, with compass hem down the middle and across the ends, make a great return of effect for their cost in time and money.



A TRICK WITH A STRING

TAKE a piece of string three feet long, tie the ends together and hang it over the palm of the hand. Take hold of the string at the back of the hand and bring it over the two middle fingers, as shown in Fig. 1. Without crossing the string, bring it round the thumb; then cross it toward the wrist and place the loop, formed between the cross and the end, over the little finger. (See Fig. 2.) Take hold of the string and pass it in a loop round the index finger, as in Fig. 3.



Now slip the loops off the thumb, and a slight jerk on the part of the string that lies across the palm will completely loose the string from the fingers.



FILLING THE EMPTY SHELVES

CANNED goods can be had at least ten per cent cheaper if bought by the dozen or better, by the case. Groups of women can club together and divide cases. A group would do well to interview several grocers and buy one can of each commodity to try.

The first consideration is the size of the can to be purchased. Just before the war a No. 1 can of vegetables was on the market, but the general size for vegetables is No. 2, and for fruit, No. 3; but tomatoes come in Nos. 2½ and 3. No. 10 is the largest size, and nearly all fruits and vegetables can be bought in that size. For boarding-houses and large families they are best.

Cases of No. 1 hold four dozen cans, and cases of No. 2, 2½ and 3 hold two dozen. A No. 10 case contains half a dozen.

The following are the sizes of the cans:

Diameter Inches	Height Inches	Capacity Ounces
2 11-16	4	12
3 7-16	4 9-16	22.2
No. 2-1-2	4 1-16	32.6
4 1-4	4 7-8	36.4
No. 10	6 3-16	116.1

In judging goods observe how full the can is and the color of the contents. If No. 10 cans are not filled to the brim, there is a considerable loss. The liquid should be clear. Dull and cloudy liquid or syrup shows that the commodity was overripe and usually indicates the poorer qualities. Notice the number of pieces in the can and whether or not the pack is solid.

If there are dark spots on fruits or vegetables, you may know the goods are inferior. Cut or broken fruits or vegetables are not considered as so desirable as whole ones and so are usually cheaper.

It is poor policy to buy goods by label. Some of the best wholesale jobbers adhere strictly to a certain quality under a certain label, but that quality usually makes their goods more expensive. Canned goods usually come in three grades, extra, extra standard and standard,

though some jobbers have several others. Many wholesale jobbers have two or three different labels for each class, which increases the sales.

Asparagus is expensive owing to the amount of hard work it takes to can it. Of the two kinds the green is cheaper than the white. Cut and broken asparagus is packed in No. 10 cans and is useful for creaming and in soups.

Green and wax string beans are either canned whole or cut in pieces. The cut ones are usually coarser and more mature and are cheaper in price. Corn is canned in two styles. In the Maryland style the whole kernel is used. It makes an excellent vegetable to serve buttered. In the Maine style the kernels are cut and the cob is scraped, which gives the product a creamy appearance. That style is more common than the Maryland style in most parts of the country.

Peas are graded according to size and maturity. The very small peas are valuable only for flavor and appearance. The medium-sized peas give the best satisfaction, though for purées and soups you get more for your money if you buy a few cans of large, mature peas.

Tomatoes are best when canned whole and no liquid added. Cut and broken tomatoes are of a lower grade, but in convenient form for soups and sauces.

In buying apricots, peaches, pears and pine-apples it is well to count the number of pieces in the can. Some of the special extra, or fancy, grade will have only a few pieces, while extra will have nearly twice as many. All these fruits are inferior if spotted or mushy. Apricots and peaches are better in heavy syrup, for the water pack is good only for pie. Pineapple may be had whole, in broken slices or crushed. The need of the family should decide what kind to choose. Broken slices are desirable for salads and are much cheaper. Whole pears require a great deal of handwork in canning and are always expensive. Those canned in a light syrup are preferable.

The most desirable canned plums are the greengages, for they hold their shape and flavor well. Many of the berries, especially raspberries, blackberries and loganberries are good. Those packed in their own juice are the best.

All canned goods should be stored in a dry, cool place. Cans with leaks or "swells" can be returned to the grocer, who will replace them.



"YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW 'EM"

AUNT LAURA grew enthusiastic as she described the meeting that she had just attended. "It was fine! That woman has some wonderful ideas about training children. I should have liked to hear her speak longer." "Humph!" observed lanky, fourteen-year-old Fred unexpectedly. "I'd like to tell that parents' meeting a few things. I'd like to tell 'em it's no use spoiling to kids. They don't listen. You've got to show 'em."

"Why, Fred, what do you mean?"

"Why, I mean," explained Fred painstakingly, "that just telling a kid a thing is so doesn't mean much. I suppose I've had a bushel of humane gush preached at me and I don't remember any of it. But I'll tell you what I do remember: Miss Bates, the dreamworker, works awful hard, but she never lets Tige sit on the doorstep begging to come in; she goes right away and opens the door. You do a lot of waiting on that cat, don't you?" I said one day. "Oh, I don't know," she answered. "You see, I've led Tige to believe this is where he belongs. And he can't open the door for himself."

"And lots of times I've noticed old Uncle John Tyler walking up the big hill. 'What'd you do that for?' I asked him one day when I caught up with him. 'Doesn't it make you tired and lame?' 'Well, Fred,' said he, 'I've got a pretty heavy load today, and old Dan's legs are getting old as well as mine. When we get to the top of the hill I can get on and rest, but he has to keep going clear to the corners.'

"See what I mean? They showed me what being good to animals is like, and I can't seem to forget it."

"Mother, now, has never scolded me much about not telling the truth and such things. She's just gone on telling the truth—if she tells anything—and using a fellow square, and not tattling everything she knows. And so when she talks to me once in a while about such things I know she means it."

"Then father expects me to pass my exams and to attend to my business, whatever it is. He never says much about it. But ever since I can remember he has gone down to the office just about as regular as the sun rises. And when he gets back he works in the garden or does whatever else there is to be done. He asked me to help him hoe, and we figured out just what the garden is worth to us and how much time we can afford to spend in it and how the exercise helps."

"I've thought about that a lot. And when I start to do anything, before I know it I'm thinking: 'Father will be disappointed if I don't do this right.'

"That's what I mean. Just a lot of talk doesn't amount to a thing. Kids don't even listen; you've got to show 'em!"



Any Companion subscriber who desires a copy of a List of Farm Names can get it by writing to the Editor of the Family Page, The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., enclosing a two-cent stamp and giving the name and address to which The Companion goes.

Those Whiter Teeth

Make this free test. Watch the changes in 10 days

Note how many boys you see with whiter teeth nowadays. Mark how they improve a boy.

The fact is due largely to a new way of brushing, which millions now employ. We offer you a ten-day test and urge you to accept it.

The cloud is film

Teeth are clouded by a film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, and old brushing methods left much of it intact.

Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That is why so many teeth lack luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it, and they cause many serious troubles. Under old methods, very few escaped those film attacks.

How to fight it

Dental science has in late years found two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film. One removes it without harmful scouring.

These facts have been proved by many careful tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply those methods daily. The name is Pepsodent.

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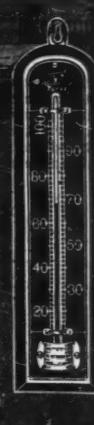
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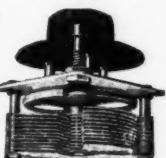
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CONTINUING THE BOYS' PAGE

discarding the others. If he takes charge of an established publication, he may eliminate or change features that in his opinion the old board has not been able to justify, alter the arrangement of the magazine enough to give it a fresh appearance, yet not enough to make it seem entirely strange, and incorporate the most promising of his own ideas. When his mind is clear as to what he wants to do he can assemble his own fellows of both the editorial and the business department, discuss his plan with them, and work out any modifications they may suggest. At the same time he should draw up with the board a schedule of dates on which copy is to be in, proof to be corrected and publication to take place and should insist that every member of the board familiarize himself with the dates and resolve to get his work done on time. Then he must assign definite tasks to all his helpers.

The board itself must write much of the magazine if it is to be sure of getting what it wants when it wants it, but it should be always on the lookout for fresh ideas and fresh contributions from outsiders. English composition classes will usually be the most promising source of stories and verse. Prize essays may be solicited and reprinted, persons who are known to write well may be asked to submit their best themes, and the presence of "manuscript boxes" in the corridors of the school building may encourage less confident students to contribute. Important alumni may be asked to prepare articles of advice or discussions of this and that business and its opportunity; recent graduates who have gone to college may be pleased to "write up" their impressions of their college for the benefit of those who aspire to attend it; athletic coaches can discuss the prospects of the season in their branches of sport; members of the faculty, city or town officials and prominent citizens may occasionally contribute something of interest. Candidates for next year's board can do much of the routine writing and will probably be better qualified than other pupils to supply stories or other features. If they attempt to solicit contributions of any sort, they should first consult the editor, so that prospective contributors may not be pestered by numerous applicants.

Art classes will usually supply the necessary drawings and designs for headings. Owners of cameras may be encouraged to give the editors snapshots of people and events of interest to the school. Individual alumni or class associations can be tactfully urged to offer prizes to stimulate contributions of various sorts.

Some school magazines have been financed by the sale of stock, but in general subscriptions and advertisements must be depended upon to supply the wherewithal. Positively resolve to keep your paper out of debt, for it is much easier to keep out than to get out, and then go ahead and make it so interesting that it will sell readily. Whatever else you do be sure to keep the paper from becoming a mere depository for "fine writing," which no one except the author will care to read.

Do everything you can to get a large number of subscribers. Circulate clearly-printed subscription blanks abundantly throughout the school, have subscription agents in every room, tell your local paper about every innovation in the conduct of the magazine, keep the school bulletin boards gay with posters advertising the magazine and make short speeches about the magazine at every school rally where opportunity is offered.

The advertiser in the average school magazine does not get many new customers as a result of the money he spends; what he does get is the good will of the school. In other words he retains the customers he already has. The advertising solicitors should remember this when approaching their "prospects." The names of those "prospects" can be obtained from adult friends of members of the board and from the advertisements printed in the programmes of local entertainments or the local papers. New merchants, particularly those who sell school or recreation supplies, should always be approached.

Advertisers will want to see a sample of the paper, to know just what space they are buying and what they must pay, just how many copies of the paper are distributed, and how their advertisements will appear. Solicitors will do well to supply themselves with a printed rate card, accurate information about the paper stock used, the number of the half-tone screen and the size of the page and the column. The advertiser will usually write his own copy, and the printer will design the set-up. Some advertisers supply prepared plates of their advertisements. Furnish advertisers with proofs and get their "O.K." and be sure to mail them free marked copies of the issue in which their advertisements appear.



Do you know what are the most brilliant constellations that gleam in the eastern sky in January and February? And do you know which one of those constellations has kept the same name for twenty centuries? The Companion star maps, reprinted in pamphlet form under the title A Year of Stars, will answer those questions and many others. You can get copies of the pamphlet for ten cents each by applying to The Department Editor, The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

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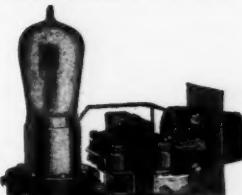
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Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The GIRLS' PAGE

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE GIRLS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



ETCHING

Part Two. Making the Prints

THE materials needed for etching were described in the December Girls' Page. This article will explain the method of using the equipment and will describe ways by which you can make your work effective.

A certain amount of artistic ability is necessary to do the work successfully, but if you have that you will be astonished to find how easy it is to attain pleasing results even in simple ways.

Preparing the Plate. Clean the plate thoroughly with a rag and turpentine, in order to make sure that the ground will adhere to it and that no foreign matter remains on the surface of it. Then go over it with a clean cloth charged with whiting to remove any trace of grease that may be left.

Laying the Ground. Clamp one corner of the plate firmly in a hand vise and, holding it face up, heat it until it is hot enough to melt the wax sufficiently to let it flow through the meshes of the ball of ground. While the plate is still hot remove it from the vise and with the ground and the dabbler spread a thin film over the surface.

Smoking. Smoke the grounded surface so that the polished surface of the plate will show distinctly wherever you remove the wax with your needle. To do that gently reheat the plate, with the ground on it, then pass it rapidly back and forth through a smoky flame until the surface is uniformly black; but be careful not to burn or melt the ground; otherwise you will have difficulty in drawing on it.

Drawing. You are now ready to draw on the grounded plate. Use the needle just as you would use a lead pencil. With every stroke remove the ground completely from the surface of the copper. Be brief and clear in your drawing; do not go into detail too much at first. It is a difficult matter to remedy mistakes in drawing. You must fill the undesirable lines with stopping-out varnish and let them dry before you proceed.

To give the drawing an effect of light keep your lines few and far apart; to form shadows weave them or place them close together.

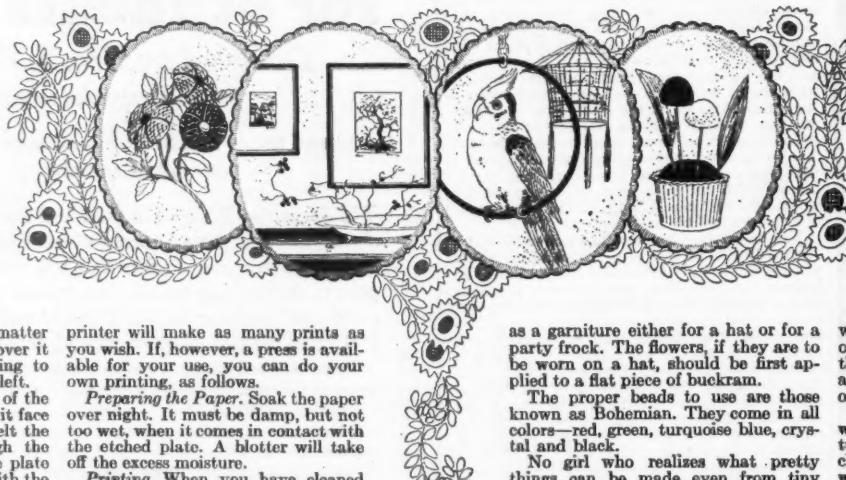
If you draw crudely, trace your subject on the grounded copper instead of drawing directly upon it free hand. To do that trace the drawing or photograph and fasten the tracing over the grounded plate. With a sharp pencil—but not so sharp as to tear the paper—go over your drawing carefully to leave a delicate impression on the wax. Then remove the tracing paper and go over the impression on the wax with your needle.

A peculiarity of etching, which may be disconcerting to beginners, is that the drawing will be light against a dark background. There are methods of blacking the plate and masking the ground white, but they are complicated and unnecessary.

Biting. The lines on the plate are now ready to be bitten by the acid. Before immersing the plate in the mordant protect the back and edges with asphaltum varnish and be sure there is no metal exposed except in the lines of the drawing. The longer you leave the plate in the acid the deeper and broader will the lines on the plate be; consequently, the impression of the lines as they appear on the print will be heavy or light according to the depth to which you let the acid bite. Use your own judgment as to what parts of your drawing you wish to appear in heavy lines and what parts in delicate lines. You will readily see, for example, that, whereas a sky and clouds should be printed in delicate, light lines, buildings and shadows must be drawn in heavy, dark lines. To attain the right quality of line use the stopping-out varnish. Immerse your plate in the mordant and in ten minutes, when the lines of the sky will be sufficiently bitten, take it out and cover the sky with stopping-out varnish laid on with a water-color brush. Put the plate back in the acid bath and leave it there for ten or fifteen minutes longer; then remove it again and stop out the extreme distance. For the middle distance keep the plate in the bath for twenty-five minutes, then remove it and stop out that part. The foreground should be left in the acid about one hour.

If you do not wish to attempt this method of biting the plate, you can use points of different degrees of fineness; as a result you will get the same effect on your plate that you get when you draw on paper with hard pencils and soft pencils. If you work in that way, leave your plate in the bath over night, and in the morning it will be ready for the press.

Preparing the Plate for the Press. With kerosene, turpentine and a rag remove the varnish from the back and the ground from the face of the plate. Wipe the plate as clean as possible. To finish off charge the side of the palm of the hand with whiting and rub away any grease or other foreign matter that may remain. Your plate is now ready for the press. A professional



printer will make as many prints as you wish. If, however, a press is available for your use, you can do your own printing, as follows.

Preparing the Paper. Soak the paper over night. It must be damp, but not too wet, when it comes in contact with the etched plate. A blotter will take off the excess moisture.

Printing. When you have cleaned the plate thoroughly warm it slightly, but not so much that you cannot still handle it. Remove it to a table and apply the ink with a dabbler or a roller; then rub the ink well into the lines of the plate with your fingers. When the ink has been thoroughly applied wipe the superfluous part of it from the surface with wads of cheesecloth or mosquito netting, until the plate is nearly clean; but do not press down too heavily or you will take the ink out of the lines. To finish off, cover the side of the hand with a thick mixture of ink and whiting and wipe the plate until you have removed all the ink from the smooth parts of the plate.

Having inked the plate, put a thin clean sheet of paper on the bed of the press and lay the warm plate face upward on it. Next lay your damp paper evenly on the plate. On top of it lay a fine, soft blanket and over that a felt blanket of medium texture. To complete the padding add a coarser blanket, and the plate is ready to go under the press.

Turn the handle of the press slowly, and when the roller has passed over the plate lift the paper gently and easily from the plate, and behold the etching!



FLOWER-POT FAVORS

DAINTY floral favors for a dinner can be made from candies. Get chocolate creams in little silver or colored paper cups. Stick two toothpicks, painted green, or short lengths of green stem wire, into each of them. Fasten different-colored gum drops to the ends of the wires to represent blossoms. Crêpe paper can be cut and curled to resemble long green leaves, and twisted round the stems.



AN "EVERLASTING" BOUTONNIÈRE

A BOUTONNIÈRE that will give a smart touch to a fur piece or to an afternoon dress can be made from odds and ends to be found in most sewing bags. Three or more large button moulds, scraps of silk or satin, a bit of antique gold or silver net, a spool of black buttonhole twist and flat beads of a contrasting shade are all that are required.

Cover the mould with a two-and-one-half-inch disk of silk and gather and attach it to the under side. Lay a disk of gold net over that, gathered and attached in the same way.

Sew a flat bead to the centre of the upper side of the mould; then pass the buttonhole twist through the two holes in the bead, round the mould at regular intervals and through the centre hole six or eight times.

Fasten a four-inch length of milliners' stem wire to each blossom, and wind the thread round and round the wire stem until the stem is completely covered. Finish off the end with a stitch or two.

Leaves about an inch and three quarters in length can be made of green satin or velvet. Make them of double thickness, outline the edge with green milliners' wire and attach them to the stem. Smaller button moulds can be used to simulate buds.

Dresden ribbon in pinks and blues with silver net over them makes a lovely cluster of roses. White satin covered with flowered georgette and silver net and topped with a crystal bead make frosty-hued blossoms that are attractive

as a garniture either for a hat or for a party frock. The flowers, if they are to be worn on a hat, should be first applied to a flat piece of buckram.

The proper beads to use are those known as Bohemian. They come in all colors—red, green, turquoise blue, crystal and black.

No girl who realizes what pretty things can be made even from tiny pieces will ever again throw away a scrap of silk or satin. The small "V," for example, that is often slashed from the end of a sash will make a half dozen tiny rosebuds or cover several button moulds for "everlastings."



THE CARE OF BIRDS

MOST girls enjoy owning birds, but not many understand how to choose them, how to win their confidence, what food to give them or how to care for them when they are sick.

When you buy a bird make sure that you get one that is young and healthy. If it is a canary, unless you want one that has already learned to sing, choose a long, slender bird less than one year old, with smooth, thick feathers that lie close to the body, and rosy, transparent feet. For a singer choose a male bird that is ten months or a year old, and that has a variety of low notes.

Make the cage comfortable and keep it clean. Place the perches so that the bird has room. Do not use a painted cage, for your bird is likely to eat flakes of the paint. Clean the cage and scald the perches frequently. Since birds that have nothing else to occupy their attention will sometimes pull out their own feathers, arrange a few playthings in the cage to divert the bird's attention from itself. A key on a ring or a clothespin will serve. Parrots are easily amused by a small wooden ladder with a bell attached to the top rung; they like to climb up and ring the bell.

When you have settled your bird in a sanitary, comfortable cage teach it not to fear you. The best time to gain its confidence is in the morning, when you clean the cage and feed the bird. Talk and whistle to it and accustom it to seeing your hands and face close to the cage; but move gently. If you move suddenly or joggle the cage, you will frighten the bird.

Then accustom it to being handled. Catch it every morning by removing the upper perch, putting one hand inside the cage, and following the bird with the other hand from the outside. When you have caught it, let it rest comfortably and give it a lettuce leaf or a slice of apple. After you have done that a few times, try holding a piece of lettuce just outside the open door of the cage; the bird will soon hop to your hand. Next teach it to fly round the house; that will give it healthful exercise and a sense of freedom. Open the door of the cage every morning; the bird will readily return to it when it is tired.

Cleanliness and proper diet are essential to the health of all caged birds. Make your bird bathe every day. It will do it more readily if it is allowed first to fly round the room. If it still seems opposed to taking a dip, place a fresh lettuce leaf in the bottom of the tub; it will jump in to investigate and probably will bathe willingly. Parrots, however, detest bathing. If you have one that refuses to take a bath, spray it occasionally with an atomizer.

Do not feed your bird on seed that has a sharp taste or that is gritty. Rape seed, which tastes sweet, is the best, with an occasional lettuce leaf or a slice of apple and plenty of fresh, cold water. See too that a cuttlefish bone is fastened to the cage; the bird will sharpen its bill on it and probably nibble at it, and the salt taste will stimulate its appetite.

Scatter bird gravel in the cage and renew it three times a week. A bird's gizzard grinds the food that the bird eats, and the gizzard cannot do its work without gravel. The proper food for canaries is a mixture of seeds—four parts of Sicily seed, three of German rape, two of India millet and one of Turkish maw. Watercress, plantain, chickweed, a fresh fig or the yolk of a hard-boiled egg with cayenne pepper sprinkled on it are relished by canaries and, given from time to time, will make sufficient variety in their diet. Never feed hemp seed to canaries; it fattens them, causes them to molt out of season and impairs their singing powers. Parrots and macaws need a stronger and more varied diet than canaries require. Crackers and bread—dry or soaked in condensed milk and water in the proportion of one half teaspoonful of milk to half a cupful of water—are good for them, and so are apples, lettuce, celery tops and an occasional lump of sugar. A sweet red pepper or an onion is an excellent tonic for a parrot.

Do not hang the bird cage out of doors in warm weather; sudden changes in the temperature may bring upon house birds colds, bronchitis or pneumonia. At night cover the cage with a light cloth; sleeping birds are peculiarly susceptible to the cold.

Birds sometimes suffer from sprains or rheumatism. To cure them bathe and gently rub the affected parts with warm water with which a few drops of arnica have been mixed.

If your bird has inflammation of the feet and legs, the probability is that the perches are too small or that the bird's claws are too long. If the fault is with the perches, buy new ones; if it is with the nails, clip them. Hold the bird in one hand, and with a pair of sharp scissors clip outside, and away from, the small red vein that you will see in each claw if you hold the claw against the light. Trim each nail smooth. If you clip the nail too close, dip the foot in warm salt water, which will check the pain and the bleeding.

Another menace to the health of caged birds is the presence of small red insects, mites, which, if they are not exterminated, sap the life of the birds. If you suspect that your bird is troubled with mites, remove it from the cage. Scour the cage with kerosene and scald the perches. Air the cage thoroughly, then sprinkle mite exterminator in it, and take care to fill all the crevices with the powder. In the evening place a piece of canton flannel, with the furry side in, over the cage. Mites leave the bird at night and return to it at daylight; remove the cloth before daylight, and you will find the insects clinging to it. Use the cloth every night, and scald it every day, until you have got rid of the mites.

If your bird is in good health, its feathers will be smooth and thick and will lie close to its body; its eyes will be bright, and it will move briskly. If it is not well, it will sit in a corner of the cage with its feathers puffed out, and with dull eyes. Never let a sick bird lie on the floor of the cage; it needs a soft nest. Place it in a padded box and cover it with a warm, light cloth.

Few caged parrots are kept by their owners in the healthy, cleanly condition that results in bright plumage and vivacious monologue. The failure is frequently owing to ignorance rather than to carelessness on the part of the pet lover.

For example, dealers have been known to tell the purchasers of parrots and cockatoos that birds of those species do not require water either to drink or for a bath, yet one of the most necessary requirements of Polly's existence is cool, fresh water in generous supply. There should be a separate cup for it in the cage, and the contents should be renewed at least twice a day.

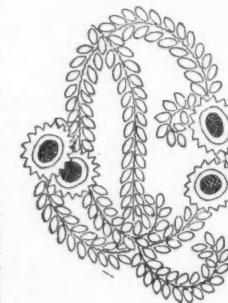
It is true that parrots seldom are willing to take plunge baths, but some kind of bathing is necessary to their health, and many birds enjoy the gentle shower from an atomizer. Apparently it recalls the heavy night dews that in their tropical birthplace provide the usual means for their ablutions.

Regular diet is most important. The breakfast should be crackers well softened in milk. A half teaspoonful of condensed milk in half a cup of water makes about the right mixture. Condensed milk is less likely to sour in the digestive process and is therefore preferable for birds of the parrot family, the digestion of which is slow.

For the seed cup mix one part of hemp with three parts of sunflower seed, and fill the cup anew every day. Avoid giving much hemp or raw meat, for both of them are heating foods and are likely to lead the bird to pull out its feathers, which is a habit of parrots.

A bit of fruit each morning should be included in the dietary. The greater the variety the better. An occasional raw carrot will be appreciated, too.

During the afternoon the bird should have a dry cracker and a few nuts of any sort at hand. A sweet red pepper is an excellent tonic. If the parrot will eat it, a morsel of raw onion now and



then is an excellent specific against colds and other disorders.

Tropical birds especially must be carefully protected against draughts and sudden changes in the temperature. Never leave the cage of a parrot out of doors at night even in midsummer. Parrots are extremely susceptible to bronchial pneumonia. The cage should hang in a room of even temperature, but anything above seventy degrees is too warm.

A cuttle-fish bone hung in the cage is helpful at molting time as well as useful in sharpening the bill.

Few lovers of pets are aware that besides learning to talk a parrot can be taught a number of tricks: to shake hands, ring a bell, climb a ladder, kiss its master or mistress, and so forth.

In teaching a bird remember how extremely nervous the creature is with which you have to deal. Unvarying kindness and patience are necessary. You will find the parrot much more receptive after breakfast than before it. Accustom it first of all to being released from the cage; then to perch upon your fingers or hand. Never squeeze a parrot in handling it. After each lesson reward it with a piece of some fruit and talk to it in a low but cheerful voice.

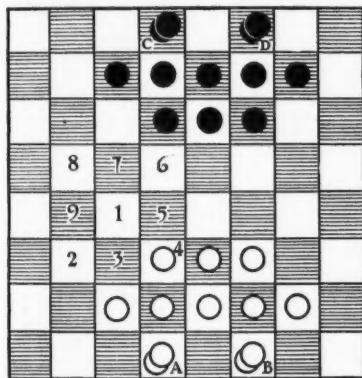
To teach it to climb to your shoulder pin to your coat or dress something that the parrot likes to eat.

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THE ROYAL COUPLE

SOME stormy evening set a table close to the fire, get out your checker board and learn the new game of royal couple. You will find it an unusually good pastime for two persons.

Place the checkers on the board in the positions indicated in the accompanying diagram. Your pieces consist of a king, a queen,



and eight pawns, both red and black.

Each pawn may move directly forward or directly backward to a vacant, adjacent square. Hence, if a pawn rests on square No. 1, the player who controls the piece may move it forward to square No. 7, or backward to square No. 3, if those two squares are vacant.

Each pawn must, however, jump an opponent's piece or pieces directly forward. Hence, if a white pawn rests in square No. 3, and a black king, black queen, or black pawn lies in square No. 1, the player with the white pawn must jump over the black king, queen, or pawn to the vacant square No. 7. When a double or triple jump directly forward is possible a player must take advantage of it.

No pawn moves out of the vertical row in which it is originally placed, but a king or a queen may move in any direction to a vacant, adjacent square. Hence, if a king or a queen, black or white, rests in square No. 1, the player to whom it belongs may move it to squares No. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 or 9, if those squares are vacant. A king or a queen must jump over an opponent's piece or pieces forward, diagonally, one, two, or three times as the case may be.

The object of the game is to see which of the players can get his king and queen into the squares originally occupied by his opponent's king and queen. If you are playing with the white checkers you will try to get your royal couple into squares C and D (it makes no difference which of the two squares the king or the queen occupies) as soon as possible and your opponent with the black checkers will endeavor to get his royal couple into squares A and B.

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SHALL I GO TO COLLEGE?

THE new year will bring to many girls the question whether they can manage a college course. If you are such a girl, the questions and answers given below may help you in deciding it.

Are the lessons at college more interesting than those at school?

Almost every girl who ever went to college found the advanced work there far more interesting than the mechanical memory work that is for the most part required in preparatory schools. A girl who hated to study before she entered college often changes her mind after she enters, because there she discovers the work that she likes best and specializes in it. College

work requires more imagination and initiative than preparatory school work requires.

Is the work at college hard?

In the best women's colleges work is of primary importance; if a student is doing poor work in her classes, she is excluded from other college activities. Whether the work seems hard or not depends largely on the preparation the girl has had. A girl who works regularly and faithfully and who has been well prepared for college should have no trouble with her lessons.

Is the work at college entirely theoretical or partly practical?

That depends largely on the college, but most college curricula include some purely practical courses, such as story-writing, dramatic presentation, conversation in foreign languages, applied psychology, practical arts and so forth.

What is there to do at college besides study?

There are so many things that the question is usually what not to do. There are dramatics, athletics, religious work, literary work, executive work, public speaking, philanthropic work, and every girl has a chance to take part in any or all of them. Those activities round out the practical and social side of college and develop business ability, leadership and resourcefulness.

Does college weaken a girl's religious life?

It will not have that effect on any girl who has well-balanced judgment and who goes into her studies thoroughly, determined to draw her own conclusions and do her own thinking. There is little danger of a girl's losing interest in religion if she allies herself with the active religious work to be found in most colleges. In that case her religion is much more likely to be strengthened and vitalized than weakened.

Does college make girls into "high-brows"?

It may, but usually it doesn't. It is likely to strengthen whatever tendencies a girl had when she entered. If she was intellectual then, she will be much more intellectual when she is graduated. But there are many other types of college graduate besides the intellectual type.

Does college keep a girl from being domestic?

Have you ever heard of chafing-dish parties? If you go to college, you can learn to cook almost anything in a chafing dish. You will even have supper parties of six or eight persons and do all the cooking yourself. If you can sew at all, you will be forced into sewing costumes for plays and fancy dress parties. You will have at least one room and maybe more than one to decorate and furnish and keep attractive. You will be a housekeeper on a small scale.

Is the life broad or narrow?

A girl meets people from many parts of the country and from some foreign countries and usually has friends of many different sorts from many classes in life. That is broadening. Also the variety of subjects studied and the large number of speakers from outside the college give the girl many different points of view. On the other hand, a college is a complete community in itself, and it is easy for a girl to become so engrossed in college activities that she loses interest in outside events. But she will probably get over her "collegitis" soon after she is graduated.

In what definite ways is a girl benefited by a college education?

A college degree will make available to a girl the best positions open to women in business, in education, in science and in many other kinds of work. Even in those professions that require special study, such as nursing and social service, college graduates have an advantage and are likely to find a better position than the girl who has had merely the specialized training. College, therefore, fits a girl to live on her own resources. It usually gives her enough interest in the work she can do best to make her want to do it after college, whether she has to or not. At any rate the many-sided life of college makes a girl better able to enjoy life and to contribute to it. She can appreciate the best in music, books, pictures and people, and she can "lend a hand" where she is needed.

If I wish to go to college but cannot afford the tuition, what shall I do?

Communicate with the college you wish to enter. There are many ways of earning money in most colleges, and there are also scholarships. Many girls who cannot afford the full tuition obtain a college education.

Should I go to college?

Go, if the things that college stands for are the things you want to stand for. Go, if you are not afraid of work. Don't judge all colleges by one particular college graduate. There are as many kinds of girls in college as there are out of college. Don't go to college because some one has told you to go. Decide for yourself.

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HIGH ART

BEFORE the guests arrive prepare pieces of B paper by drawing exactly the same wavy line upon each. The line should be about four inches long and should be made with ink so that it cannot be erased or changed in any way. It need not suggest, or resemble, any object. Number the papers and pass one of them, with a pencil, to each player. The game is so to draw some object that you can use the wavy line as a part of the drawing. The papers may be turned into any position.

Allow about five minutes to the amateur artists; at the end of the time collect the papers. The person who has drawn the cleverest picture is the winner and secures some appropriate prize. The drawings should be placed on view so that everyone can enjoy them.

RUFUS

By Grace S. Richmond

AUTHOR OF
The Twenty-Fourth of June
Red Pepper Burns
Under the Country Sky, Etc.



"Occasionally the reader gave the French phrase without translation, sure of the listener's comprehension since he must know French hospitals with some thoroughness."

"And we owe it all to Rufus," the hero and heroine sigh at the end of Grace Richmond's new novel, but we are inclined to believe that they owe it much more to the charm and patient effort of Nancy, the heroine, and the winning crankiness of Lynn, the hero. In the beginning, Nancy, a young and adorable war widow, comes to brighten the life of her hopelessly crippled uncle, Lynn Bruce. He had been a famous doctor, but now is so despondent that he will not even see his friends. Her task is a tremendous one, but she succeeds little by little, one of her first means of awakening his interest being by the little dying baby, Rufus, whom she wishes to adopt. The book takes its title from the little baby, though his part in the story is so brief that we might forget him. He paves the way for the entrance of nurses, friends and other children.

The ending is like a fairy tale in the way in which all difficulties are removed to give us the happy-ever-after situation. It is hardly possible to believe the solutions that Mrs. Richmond offers, but this does not seriously detract from the charm which the story will have for many. She is the kind of writer who, we are always sure, will produce a wholesome, interesting love story, admired by many enthusiastic readers — books that are optimistic and pleasant to remember. — *The Boston Herald*.

OUR OFFER Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription (not your own) for *The Youth's Companion* and we will present you with a copy of *Rufus*, by Grace S. Richmond, sending the book to you postpaid. Regular price of book \$1.90.

NOTE. The book is given only to present subscribers to pay them for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past 12 months.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
881 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts



Lake Placid, one of the most famous summer and winter resorts on the American continent, is a charming village in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains in Northern New York State. In winter, it is the scene of many championship skating and ski-jumping contests, and in summer, of tennis and golf tournaments.

Lake Placid and Cheyenne have one choice in common

TWO thousand miles separate Lake Placid, in the beautiful Adirondacks, from Cheyenne, in the shadow of the Laramie Range of the Rockies.

But ask the women of these two different and distantly separated towns what soap they use for their laundry and household work, and more will say, "P and G The White Naphtha Soap," than any other.

For P and G is the largest selling laundry and household soap in Lake Placid and Cheyenne, just as it is in the United States as a whole.

The distinction of this remarkable soap is well deserved.

P and G is unique

P and G is a white soap, and fastidious women prefer a white soap because whiteness is a symbol of cleanliness.

P and G makes a quick, rich lather in water of any temperature.

P and G is endowed with certain properties which remove soil quickly, with little or no rubbing or boiling, yet do not harm colors or fabrics—P and G acts on *dirt*—not on the clothes themselves!

P and G rinses out quickly and thor-

oughly, too, leaving no unsightly soap particles, no tell-tale soapy tinge, no soapy odor.

P and G makes white clothes snowy white and preserves colored clothes in all their original freshness.

When women can get *all* these qualities in *one* soap, is it any wonder that this soap should out-sell every other soap?

Whether you have your washing done, or do it yourself, you will serve the best interests of yourself, your clothes and your laundress, by selecting P and G The White Naphtha Soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



Wyoming State Capitol
Cheyenne

"Frontier Days" at Cheyenne!

Once a year the greatest steer-ropers, bronco-busters, bull-doggers, the handsomest cowpunchers, the fairest cow-girls, the wildest horses, all gather in this town at an altitude of 6000 feet, to compete for silver-mounted saddles and such. The rest of the time, Cheyenne is a settled, prosperous city of 12,000 inhabitants, where the Governor and Legislature carry on the business of the State of Wyoming.



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